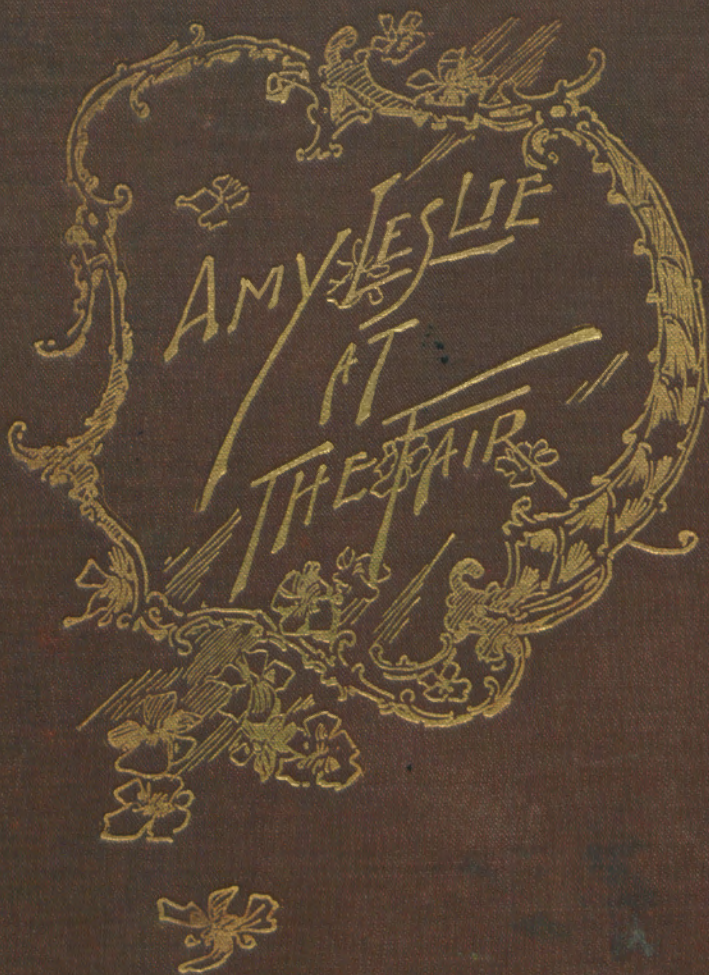


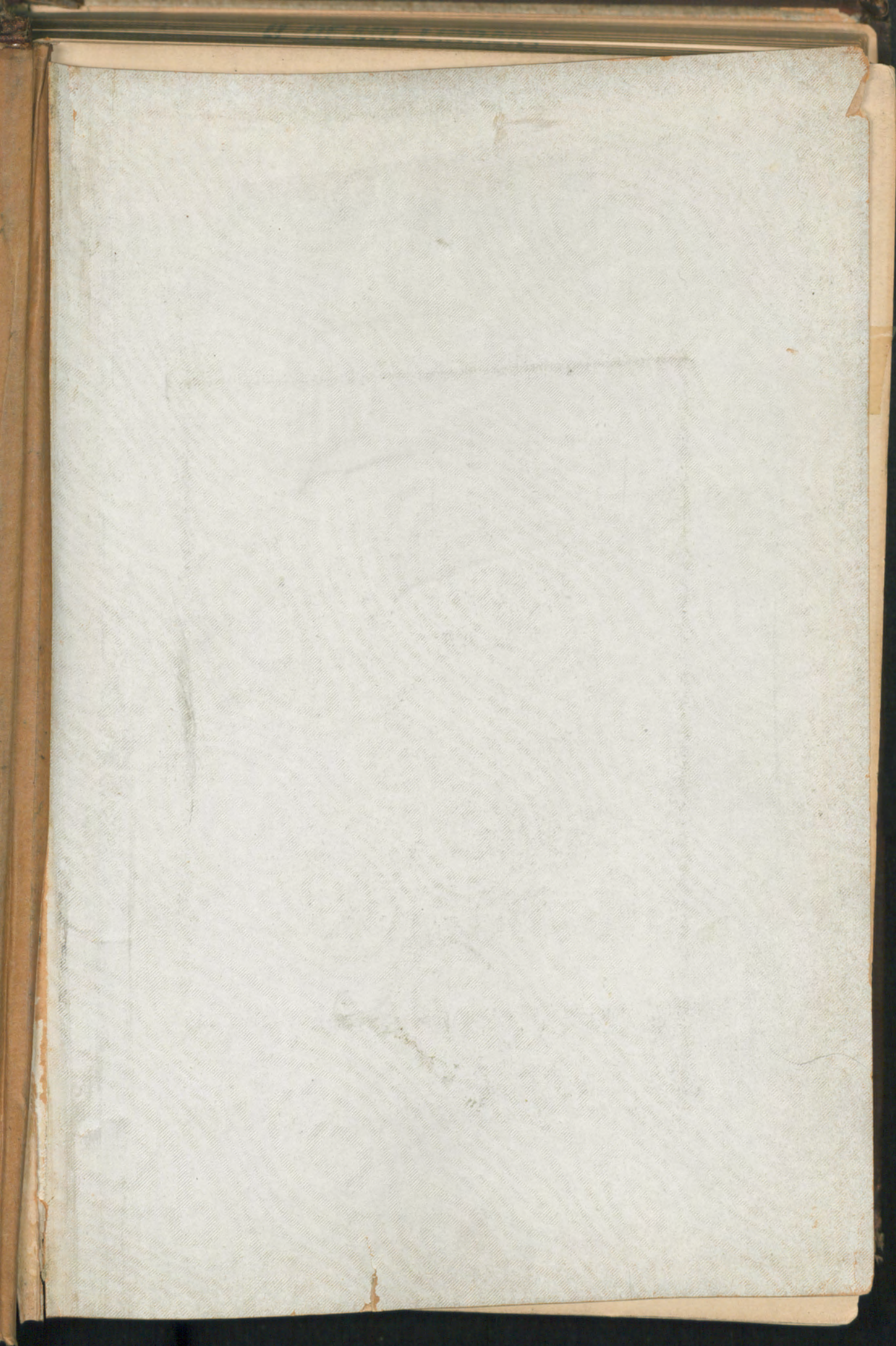
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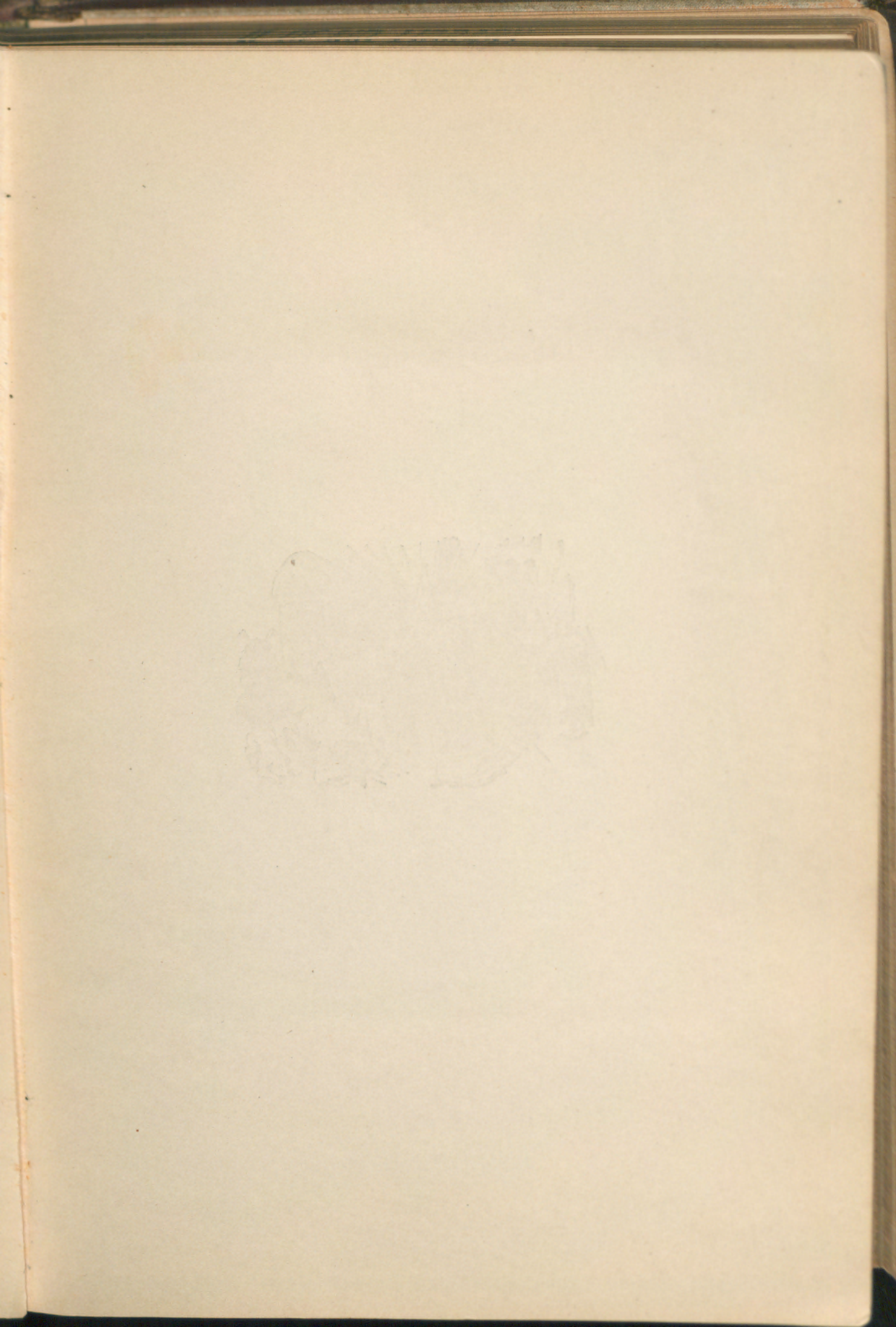
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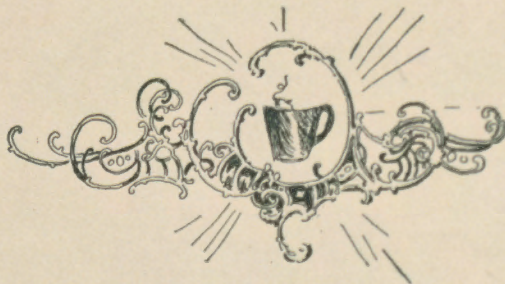
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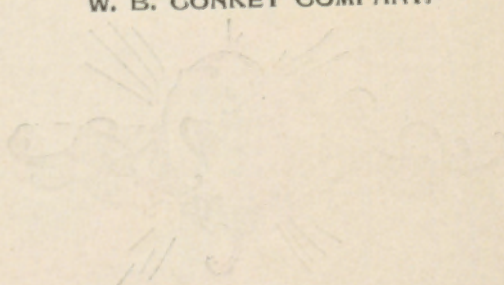
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ILLINOIS



### The Author

Acknowledges a deep debt of gratitude to Charles Rohrhand, Frederick Richardson, W. T. Schmedtgen, Charles F. Batchelder, J. T. McCutcheon, and Robert Haydon, the artists, who unsolicited lend these fragments of description illustrations and disinterested friendliness money could not buy.









Out of all the historical intonations of the French revolution two amusing cries always tingle rather maliciously in my memory. One came from the weather-sharpened throat of Mimi-Lepreuil, the cleverest pick-pocket in Paris, and the other from an old and violently excited parrot.

Mimi looted the royalist pockets. He shouted fervently: "*Vive Louis Philippe, a bas la republique!*"

As experts in his line were usually on the plebeian side a surprised "*pour quoi?*" was elicited at the evidence of his apostacy, to which Mimi replied, "I am tired of your republican *canaille*. At Lamarque's funeral I didn't make expenses. Give me a royal procession for business."

The parrot was discovered by irreverent ransackers of the Tuileries. She had caught the atmospheric infection of commune and screeched "*A bas Guizot—a bas Guizot!*"



A spark of this spirit blazes up in the majority of mobs and about the same emotions seem to govern the crowds battering at the gate of the White City to-day. Those who make the most memorable racket are of



two classes—wary diplomate looking for the best of a business proposition and irresponsible parrots who croak and yell and chatter simply because exclamation points and interrogatories swim through the misty Chicago air.

Everything is beautiful, amazing and artistic—even the multitudes of aimless wanderers who plod around under the delusion that they are sight-seeing.

To-night they will not have the most remote idea of even the location of the buildings, but they rush around in picturesque

groups and platoons and appear to be one of the missing accompaniments of the unfinished loveliness of the Jackson park landscape decorations. Bright ribbons, lace-edged skirts and a complete and reckless exposure of dainty hosiery render the muddy lands ornate.



White, shining teeth, youth, beauty and laughter everywhere, mellowed by gentle sedateness in subdued quarters, afford a pleasant recompense for the general incompleteness of the great undertaking. There is a delightful harmony of enjoyment and good-natured acceptance of mud in oceans, starvation, temporary discomfort and imaginary threatened calamities. One remarkable characteristic of the visitors seems to be their oblivion of other curiosities than themselves. Instead of bothering about art, science and the intangibles they go hunting through crowds in search of expected acquaintances, strayed infants, missing lovers and lost sweethearts. With their present disposition about the first of June the people of Chicago will begin to realize that there is a fair here and that it must be seen in a hurry or not at all. Now the majority are junketing and are willing to wait until the glory of the original plans are fulfilled in each exquisite particular.

Notwithstanding this easy temper there is a distressing and imbecile rush everywhere, as if the chief attractions might indulge in Arabian Night fluctuations during the locked hours. But for the most part women, of course, are the offenders in this sort of inconsiderate haste—the ubiquitous elderly school-teacher armed for mental struggles, once in awhile a *bas bleu* with ideas to lend and much antediluvian gab and ladies who have studied up all the catalogue maps and keys advertised and who feel equipped to plunge into the veriest depths of information forearmed and forewarned. These learned females do not propose to have their preconceived notions of what Columbus ought to receive in any way disturbed and the valiant



struggles for first place would do credit to a Suburban handicap.

Not many Chicago society people lend grace to the dedicatory exercises. Except those who were called upon officially or socially to honor the eminent guests and the great event scarcely a *femme du monde* ventured forth. Men of every class and color came out; strangers, grangers, millionaires, local celebrities and reverend gentlemen who belong to us, but an absolute minority of our own charming women.

Those who did perforce venture out wore radiant smiles of pride, superb toilet and rubber boots.

It will take tomes of colossal magnitude to give a faithful idea of the achievements of the splendid congress of nations but it is not altogether uninteresting to enumerate some lost chords in the commercial symphony attached. There are Esquimaux insurrectionists, a mud-house divided against itself; and the regiment of disheveled beauties with scorched wardrobes and singed bangs does not feel half so peerless as advertisements state since the hotel fire. The enterprising managers of a beauty show never count upon material conflagrations, and the caravansary which entertained these angels very much awares burned near enough down to streak the blonde and raven locks of the beauties with ashes of gray. Still, these blighted attractions are by no means blasted, but will be in business at the promised stand shortly.

The Arabs are in a continual broil with unruly citizens of their wonderful village. Yataghans are drawn at the tip of a *chibouque* and the agitated manager of these untamed warriors spends rosy hours in trying to collect his exhibit from the various police stations.



Some of the delays of exhibits are serio-comic. Art lies wrapped in gloomy packages, awaiting identification and reprisal; the wheels of fame are considerably off their cogs and everything is at present either overwrought or underestimated. There is a mammoth piece of machinery stuck in the swamp somewhere between civilization and 65th street. Up to the hour it had not been located. A Canada exhibit of immense value arrived yesterday in a specially patented car of two compartments, one of which carries mail and the other bonded merchandise, etc.

It was too late to secure release for the bonded Canadian goods and as the mail car is forced to do daily service back went the shipment to Port Huron. The car will return to-day, a government holiday, and the sealed compartment will again flit back to the border lines. But these absurd, as they look to an outsider, are inevitable and unavoidable delays. It will not be long, however, until everything is in ship-shape. The *coup de grace* is always the most difficult mission in any enterprise. To be distinctly Zolaesque, anybody who has ever cooked breakfast knows how everything drones along and splutters for an interminable time. The fire is spiteful, the water frigid and the griddles cold. Then, just when it is too late, the beastly water boils over, the griddle scorches, the toast burns, the chops fry black, the eggs curl up in hopeless threats, and if one is not a crack cook things flounder about in a frightful stew. So it will be with the fair. Suddenly it will be all beautifully done, a dream of loveliness and perfection. Those who are here are to be congratulated; that is, so long as they can escape the Mimi-Lepreuls and the anti-ministerial parrots.





The grandeur, dramatic intensity and poetry of the fair inauguration can not be compassed in words. The simplicity, grace and earnest dignity of the ceremonies, the beauty of the spectacle and the picturesque incompleteness of the surroundings gave the day something of the awesome solemnity of imagined creation.

Minor inconveniences seemed forgotten; there was only the mighty stretch toward heaven of glistening domes, marble arms and gigantic eagles' wings, brave statues and histories in emblazoned tablets. Out upon the battling whitecaps of Lake Michigan hung a thousand greetings from exultant ships. The presence of strange friends and unaccustomed tongues, costumes known to us only through the spangled veils of art and verse and with it all the tumult of life and pride and youthful hopes. There was nothing lacking except a more accommodating weather bureau.

Seas of mud, a morass, a swamp, from the gates to the lake and back whichever way the road might lead.



The unkindest trick the skies ever played this ambitious city. But neither the storm king nor the general indication of hurried and partial preparation could mar the impressive hour of midday, when multitudes stood in hushed attendance upon the treasured words they could not hear but trustfully welcomed; awaited the magic touch of authority which thrilled the wheels and fountains, rent the mist with piercing engine shrieks and tumultuous hurrahs and unfurled a forest of banners till the turrets of every shining roof blossomed into color.

A very pretty accident gave an unexpected American tinge to the climax of the interesting ceremonies. A band of Sioux Indians was permitted to go upon the highest balcony of the administration building where they might see the flags run up. By an unintentional gauge of time that seemed strategic just as the machinery began to roar, the whistles blow and the magnificent chorus intone "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," these Indians in their resplendent war-paint, gorgeous necklets and representative American savagery appeared on the north abutment of the building, a blazing line of character moving along with high, flaunting crests of feathers and flaming blankets which stood out against the gleaming white of the staff dome like a rainbow cleft into remembrances of a lost, primitive glory. Nothing in the day's occurrences appealed to sympathetic patriotism so much as this fallen majesty slowly filing out of sight as the flags of all nations swept satin kisses through the air, waving congratulation to cultured achievement and submissive admiration to a new world.

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Early as it is in this exceedingly shy young spring,



over on the wooded island pert little spikes of hyacinth and budding rhododendrons, daring flashes of advance green and sprinkles of pink and yellow paint the gardens. Oh! what a trysting place this romantic Eden will be, say about the last of June or sultry evenings in July. Walks hedged in with sweet alyssum and mignonette, delicious pines and locust trees; cunning rustic huts and oriental kiosks and the soft splash of Venetian oars in the trailing lagoons! Well! if that sort of an atmosphere wouldn't drive a doubtful precinct to vote even in the broadest of noons, let alone a moonlight night, why he might as well be dismissed for cause or stupidity, at the first bridge.

The tempting streams winding about the grounds are stocked with a remarkably sturdy collection of domestic water fowl. Long-necked geese assert their prerogative to object to everything and everybody on principle; amiable ducks of various feather flock with any brood which boasts a quack and stray gulls dip their gray-and-white wings in the placid water with a sort of friendly curiosity. On the lawns, "Keep off the grass" is vastly more aggressive than are the timid sprigs of green which hint a possible option in October specials. The most enchanting view of the architecture and environments is from the several pretty bridges spanning the lagoons. Each bridge unveils some new and delightful scene, another exposure of a favorite structure or an entirely new building in its most flattering light.

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The omnipotence of the newspaper reporter's badge down here is something awesome to contemplate. Imperious guides bow in servile thralldom. It takes anything from a coat lapel to a chimpanzee into sacred



quarters where golden keys might be inspected with more or less interrogation. A modest wearer of the Legion of Honor button is regarded with indifference, not to say umbrage, but the scintillating flash of the eight cents worth of engraved pot-metal constituting the reportorial scoop instigator blinds the invested authorities like a descending comet.

"*Honi Soit qui Mal y Pense*" is likely to be sent up for six months upon presentation and "*Dieu et Mon Droit*" yanked by the collar and peremptorily excluded from the grounds. But a fiery untamed representative of the Haw Patch Monthly Sentinel is received with stunning profuseness and admitted everywhere upon the presentation of the tin-tag-bell-punch-reporter's decoration.

Having been awarded a place of honor upon Major Handy's list of pass suspects and still awaiting action of the Columbian photographer, yesterday I endeavored to see the few possible forbidden fruits exhibited to the press only and found myself looked upon with intimidating suspicion.

"Where's your star?" inquired the gentle gold-corded guard at my timid hope that I might be admitted. "Star of what?" wondered I. He explained and I was mildly indignant which temper the guard set down as brain aberration. "But I am not a reporter," said I, and flooding him with the most sultry smile possible under the circumstances I tremblingly offered a poor but honest card.

"Sorry, but it don't go," concluded the watcher.

To-day I am resplendent with a badge which admits me to everything from art displays to restaurant kitchens. Hats sweep the ground at my approach and bouquets of favor fall in my decorated path. I am a



full-blown reporter and own the Fair from Midway plaisance to the lake. I have cultivated a great flip of my coat collar and am in the intellectual push, for my star says so.

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One of the stirring episodes of the procession yesterday was the buoyant rear guard of kodak fiends which followed the presidential party through the intricate meanderings from pillar to post.

The genial snap-shot artist was primed and pruned for terrific achievement and daring adventure. He was out in excited dozens, full of electricity, buttons and adventure. He climbed up poles, carriage backs and house tops, caught delirious actions on the fly and was a large and threatening factor in the parade.

As the honored guests filed out of the grounds a small battalion of amateur photographers brought up the rear of the procession with beaming smiles, perspiration and shouldered mahogany instruments of torture.

I found a sedan-chair attendant hooded under his ulster cape lost in a brown study of a paper-back book. As he roused himself with reluctance and hid the novel I recognized "Ardath," Correlli's reincarnation decoction of hysteria and metaphysics.

The pleasant home-made African was with us from the start. At 12 sharp a small, coal-black Kentuckian in fringed white shirt sleeves perched himself at the top of a lamp-post near the administration building, hauled out of his hip pocket a rickety spy-glass and leveled it at Mr. Cleveland. He hung there till the ceremonies were quite finished, keeping time to the music and shouting at everything from prayers to choruses.





If there had been a decisive American spirit in the commission upon art in this Columbian Exposition, instead of revivals of mythological symphonies, classics and the rightful inheritances of worlds crumbling with mellowed perfections there would have been something of the daring originality, vigor and unique emphasis indicative of our own history, our undeveloped splendors and gradual advancement in the profligate natural resources of the greatest country, the newest country, and the most ambitious country on earth. Instead of the eternal procession of the tiresomely perfect gods and goddesses, allegories, revered freaks and European celebrities there might have been a glorious unveiling of the unbroken, golden splendors of America awakening, an indisputable chro-



nology and some recognition of the most picturesque figures in our thrilling vicissitudes.

Instead of familiar old Ceres (this time in such luxury of grace and plenty) or inexhaustible Bacchus,



sacred bovines and impious feasters, an American would have lifted on the walls of agricultural hall great pansy-eyed Texas steers, feather-crested Indians, a sundance, a Rocky mountain hero, or an even dozen of them and a wilderness of picturesque beauty. On the highest point of vantage, instead of pillaging buried art, America might have been honored with the effort of an artist who felt the magnitude of his own country. Any one of the men employed would have greeted the innovation with rejoices. They must be tired as the

least enthusiastic of us of endless views of the myths, the gods and the artistic chestnuts. Fancy a nineteenth century artist deliberately perching himself upon a ladder to map out a Diana or Triton at all comparable with the hundreds which have confronted him during his studies abroad in every investigated quarter from the catacombs to Monte Carlo. While Church,



our most decisive creator, must needs distort his brush with "The Viking's Daughter," Macmonnies, Reinhart, Gari Melchers and the rest of the Columbian immortals have wrestled with gigantic beauties of antiquity until the wonderful fair looks least like America of any place this side of the world of the obelisks. Any one of these artists or the greater ones honoring the nations with charming art would have reveled in the novelty of picturesque America. It might not have necessarily interfered with the encyclical marble appearance of the Apollos, Venuses, Hebes and adipose Cupids, but what Americans might have enjoyed showing the congress of nations would be types of our own idolized heroes, the like of which ornament no other history. Our warriors, pioneers, savages and broad acres. I—it is I, because I am American from the crown of my head to the ground my feet caress—I would have reveled in a colossal reproduction of the adored heroes inspiring American boys of the last century to courageous undertaking, press of civilization and the audacious vehemence of rightful war. Now, about the only art remembrance of the march of stupendous American improvement is epitomized in the magnificent examples of the American tiger, Kemeys' magnificent puma and stately elk.

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Some time ago I listened to a pleasant discourse upon World's Fair art by Lorado Taft, and though intensely enthusiastic and complimentary, as every one must needs be in commenting upon the exquisite works, about every third model Mr. Taft would dismiss with the significantly amiable remark: "I do not quite know what it represents or signifies, except that it is



eminently artistic and beautiful." That is the one absent quality in the gracious art smiling with life at our portals. It does not quite mean anything American, and therefore does not speak to stranger visitors of our nation, but reminds them of their own, and commemoration of signal events are not entitled to so much of a country's homage. It is one thing to discover a world and another to people it, jewel it with heaven's gentlest benisons and slave for the might, glory and perfection of all its promised wealth. If any memory of the pioneer force in American culture is indicated in the World's Fair decorative exhibitions it must be very stealthily expressed. In place of gilded Dianas and huge Ajaxes, winged houris and exultant dragons how infinitely more surprising and dramatic would have been a group of ungovernable prairie horses, startling western riders, and Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, old Jim Bridger or Wild Bill. Of course the primitive slush of illiterate penny-dreadfuls has tarnished the princely achievements of this type of American hero. We are accustomed to a sort of dime-novel or Frank Chanfrau interpretation of these splendid characters and the proof of great worthiness is that even under so uncouth a cloud they have always shone out resplendent.

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I was impressed with this forgivable virtue by a visit to "The Wild West" to-day. There is the American Exposition which will attract foreigners when they are tired of staring at the Italian gentleness of faultless outlines and evidences of superb culture. They will bring up at this show every time and they will find Americans, real Americans, there—if not in the audience in the performance.



How an heroic statue of Buffalo Bill, with his magnificent physique, picturesque accouterments and scout impetuosity, would have stood out among the dulcet elegances of foreign art! Clad in fringed deer skins—than which not Grecian drapery is more genuinely graceful and artistic—with the high boots which typify hardship and the country's savage estate, his inseparable gun, fiery horse and incomparable inherent pose!

Cody is one of the most imposing men in appearance that America ever grew in her kindly atmosphere. In his earlier days a hint of the border desperado lurked in his blazing eyes and the poetic fierceness of his mien and coloring. Now it is all subdued into pleasantness, and he is the kindest, most benign man, as simple as a village priest and learned as a savant of Chartreuse. I have just left him in his beaded regalia (which is not dress, but rest for him), and I do not think I ever spent a more delightful hour. His history, teeming with romance, is familiar to everybody in two continents, but his social personality is known to a favored few, in which treasured category I herewith enroll myself. All the gray that has been thrust into his whirlwind life has centered itself in the edges of his beautiful hair. For the rest he is ruddy, straight as the sturdiest buck in his troupe and graceful as an eagle. He talks in the quaint mountaineer language which robs English of its proper crudities. It is a lazy, melodious sort of drawl tremendously fascinating and unapproachable except by a thoroughbred trapper, a cool soldier and American westerner.

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His own tent at the show is a dream of improvised luxury. There are couches of tempting comfort, and



such a bewildering plethora of Indian ornament that further entertainment scarcely seems called for, but he thinks of a thousand charming favors and offers them in such an everyday simple manner that one scarcely appreciates that there has been any effort made in courtesy. He has acquired no alien airs or manner in his marvelous travels and successes, has never lost the atmosphere of the boundless plains, the inspiration of discovery and attempt, nor the honest bravery of a lonely scout, who dares break through savagery and peril for nothing much more than hardy sustenance and exciting adventure.

He has gathered about him a host of clever men and all tongues are spoken under the white tents of the "Wild West Show." The colonel don't speak much of anything but musical trapper-English and Indian, but he makes himself understood in every camp. I went from one cleanly tent to another and found that most of the soldiers from other battle-fields than ours could speak French, some of them very correctly. The Indians growl a sort of Canuk patois which is a distortion of the French, and the Arab shiek speaks most beautifully in both English and French. I think that next to the Indians perhaps this mannerly Turk was the most alluring of all the camping attractions.

First I was presented to Rain-in-the-Face, a mild, inoffensive old warrior, who looked as if he had never done anything more reprehensible than eat oatmeal all his active life. They all want to shake with me and seize my hand in a hearty, friendly way, smile large, oleaginous smiles at me and look straight into my eyes in rather an informal but reassuring manner. Curly, the only survivor of the unhappy Custer



massacre, accompanies Mr. Rain-in-the-Face and a pleasant group of white men headed by Wickham join the party in Sitting Bull's cabin. Outside suddenly there rises a fearful din, strange animal yelps and the beating of tightened drums and shuffle of moccasined feet. The young braves are executing a ghost dance and are arrayed in startling coats of paint and tufts of feathers, principally paint. One splendidly built young fellow is naked to his feet, except a cloud of tanned dog-skin about his loins, gorgeously embroidered in beads and feather-bones. He is painted a warm terra cotta and, as he dances, his back is a study of delicate muscles and perfection in outline. A sturdy little Indian boy is called out of the dance, which he leaves reluctantly to greet me. He is the baby, growing very fast, which Burke found wandering among the dead on the battlefield of Wounded Knee, and boasts the cosmopolitan title of Johnnie Burke No Neck.

While I was conversing in Hiawatha quotations to the youthful No Neck, an old and somewhat indignant Indian pushed his way through the group around me and made several emphatic remarks to himself, then strode up to me with his tomahawk in a pleasingly convenient attitude. He was the medicine man and wanted to bless me, shake hands and recite an inspiring incantation over my trembling head. He was immensely complimentary the colonel assured me, I suspect both the swarthy doctor and the colonel, but I find that the proper thing to do upon all occasions of doubt is to shake hands furiously with the lowly red man whether he is out for scalps or wampum.

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The Russian prince, Ivan Makharadze Richter, a



tremendously swell vaquero and an expert bolas wielder are in turn presented to me, and then the infinitely more interesting groups of Indians lounging about the tents close to the fires. One charming characteristic of the fiery, untamed monarch of the plains is his prodigious talent for resting. Indians can rest more to the square inch than any class of royalty I ever ran across. The show is simply tremendous. I can well see how strangers to such brilliant spectacular nature might rave over it. I was born and raised where occurrences identical with the dramatic incidents of this exhibition were not at all unusual, and the show is intensely exciting to me. It is not theatrical, save that the dramatic force of reality is always the most thrilling achievement in stupendous spectacles. As for the riding, the entire exhibition shows conclusively that America possesses not only the most daring but the most graceful riders in the world. It is diverting to note the difference in the seat, carriage and management of horses in each representative rider. An Indian hugs the animal close, lifting the horse, instead of bearing weight upon it. Every muscle of an Indian's body trembles in response to the horse's gait. He sticks to the saddle or bareback by a sort of capillary attraction. The cowboy and Mexican do not touch a horse but wear him out. The rider seems winged and has his hands full of ropes and reins and everything but the expected. Germans are huge, bulky riders, who bounce and shake and take good care of their horses. Cossacks ride a horse like it was stationary and cast-iron, and the Arabs whirl about a mass of circling drapery and arms. A Frenchman is always *le beau sabreur*, but he can't ride even a rocking-horse.



The most beautiful, graceful and easiest riders in the world are American cavalrymen. In the "Wild West" they are magnificent. Handsome, of course. I was assured to-day by a very insinuating and attractive lieutenant of the eighth regulars, that American military men are always handsome and brilliant and brave.





Until the public comfort buildings are completed it is little short of inhuman to drag small children about the vast grounds of the Exposition. No animal is so inexhaustible as an excited infant. It will walk further, talk more, jump higher and laugh harder than any trained athlete, but when it is all over a baby is limp as a faded anemone, every one of the tendril muscles is drawn and tiny, delicate bones ache. Flowery shadows creep under the drooping eyes and curly heads wilt like sunstruck violets. Either a swoon of sleep or the familiar cantata of nervous, uncontrollable shrieks is the inevitable result of these unkind indulgences.

There is a world of entertainment for the smallest of children in this beautiful Fair, but they should not be dragged about while mothers are viewing hereditary laces, Venus of Milo restorations, patent ironing boards and gimp braid exhibits. For the sake of the restless little spirits themselves there might be a charitable



refusal of admission to them in the art galleries. Guardians of six-year-olds calmly plant themselves in front of a masterpiece and gaze for what seems hours to the weary, coaxing, little toddler who is tired of the whole framed glory in about one minute. And there is nothing grows on earth that can be so very, very tired as a weary, little baby. I have heard "Mamma, you stand so long in one place, come wiv me," at every turn in the rotundas. Art education begins in the



moving school of nature—in constant and enchanting views, shining nothings and gentle wafts of perfumed air. A stretch of lovely water and skimming birds, flowers that can be plucked rather than stared at in punishing awe. Giant sculpture, music and fast dissolving scenes teach babies art and music, not

Michael Angelo, Rubens and Sir Joshua, much less Wagnerian trilogies, Chopin nocturnes, Berlioz or Liszt. When children are brought to the Fair some sacrifices might be made to render it a day of delight for them instead of a remembrance of tedious delays, noises, scoldings, interminable meanderings, partial starvation, thirst and irritation.

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Why, there's more fun untold for children down here than they can ever find through all life, chase what



enticing wisp of fancy or fact they may. But it is obviously not concealed in learned documents glassed over in the government building, nor in the canned-goods department of the fisheries. There is instruction for vigorous little brains everywhere, outdoors, in the boats, among the splendid pictures, under echoing domes and near the breezy lake front. Ships, great reaching arms and magnificent marble beasts, but if any one wants the children to enjoy all this there must be no wild, indefinite rush from pillar to post, no hurry, no wrangling and something palatable for lunch when it is needed, not when it is time, some idea where to find drinking water and sympathetic pleasure in it all.

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A profound and plethoric bank account is not necessary to afford all most profitable in the Fair. Of course the angel child will pillage his active thought-generator and howl for impossible possessions, no matter where he is, but that is the anticipated. There would be something unobtainable a baby might set his heart upon in the wilds of an Ægean sea island, so that is scarcely to be considered. If I had any extra funds to spend upon entertainment of the mentally voracious infant it would be squandered in a trip down the lagoon with the gay and festive gondolier. The views are charming and educating to an inspiring degree. The beautiful court of honor, Republic, the Columbia fountain, Columbus porticos, Kemeys' monster animals, the splendor of the buildings and pleasantest recollections of the spectacular effects in the White City, come easily and entertainingly from the boat trip, without any fatigue or danger. Be sure to



disabuse the grasping intellect of the untutored picnicker of a likely supposition that actual gondoliers of Venice array themselves in such noisily comic-opera regalia as the aqua-marine commission has assigned to the placid lagoon service. In Italy the public gondola is, by municipal regulation, black always, and the graceful oarsman is demurely clad in the most convenient and economical wardrobe in his possession. The jacket and soft, loose blouse, of course, and a sash, because the dulcet dago is slumbrous and tortile and has an inherent distrust of braces and the humble suspender. But hitherto no conversational satin stripes nor tawdry fringes have found room around the Venetian gondolier's sinuous hips outside of a summer burlesque. Among private barges tasteful gorgeousness is diligently carried to excess in Venice. But azure jackets with lawn-tennis trowsers made of awning canvas, *a la* Turk, tinsel fringe, song-and-dance sleeves and melodramatic collars never thrust their bellowing glares against the blues of Italy. Tell the children so for respect to the Latin races.

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It is too early by a month to think of treating the younger population to a day or number of days at the Fair. Half that will be delightful is yet in embryo, the air is too brisk and the temperature uncertain. Toys, the wonderful candy display and the creche are only half thought out. The wooded island, villages, shady haunts and playhouses are quite unprepared to receive the little visitors. Wait until the trees recover from the surprise of it all, the flowers dare peep out upon the glorious lawns and birds fill the forest by the lake and the gardens. When the fish do not



splutter with fright at the sound of strange voices and when the dairy is open for extensive business.

Children must remember that last October when the trees folded themselves up in snowy blankets and showered warm brown leaves over the sleepy flowers there were only some great rude skeleton houses out there, headless giants, very harmless in sections, lying around the grounds and not much that promised creation of the present marvels. So when the trees awoke after a seven months' nap, why, they nearly died of surprise. Some very naughty little Johnny-jump-ups popped their heads out the windows of mossy homes but crept back quicker than a body could say Jack Robinson. It is quite likely that the stories they told down in the winter dormitories of the flowers took the starch out of tulips, pansies and the more independent spring blossoms. Anyhow, none of them seems anxious to investigate the new world that grew up around them while they were all dreaming that it was summer and very still, except for an occasional Sunday-school picnic. The trees cast chilly, green glances at the hot-house rhododendrons and palms, refuse to be sociable and keep their leaves to themselves in a perfectly horrid, jealous way. One shy, little clump of arbutus that I found down by Davy Crockett's hut opened its pretty eyes a minute this morning but curled right up and fainted away. Arbutus in Jackson park never saw such a heavenly sight and one cannot really expect an arbutus to be very courageous.

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In a week or two this strangeness will wear off, the trees will spread out garlanded arms to welcome all the wonderful new marble people lifting their beauti-



ful faces to the sky, the flowers will crowd around the shining lagoon and there will be music of a thousand birds everywhere. In the liberal arts building toys enough to stock Santa Claus for twenty years will be on exhibition. In agricultural hall more candy than all the little boys and girls in Chicago could eat in a year will be piled up in tempting boxes; white-aproned confectioners will boil huge caldrons of sugar down into purest candy in town, make it into every sort of shape and color, "roll it, and roll it, and roll it, pick it, and pick it, and pick it, and toss it up in the oven"—or refrigerator—as the bon bon requires.

There will be such dolls from Thuringen and Paris that little girls will want to live right in the German and French departments of manufactures gigantic hall. Dogs as big as real ones, sheep that bleat, goats with long beards, saucy ponchinelles and columbines that can dance like fairies, dolls that can do every thing from eat a peach to pick a pocket and toy birds that sing until they fall off a golden perch. Such steam engines and saw-mills, rakish ships and whole tin race-tracks full of nickel-plated horses that never tire trying to beat the one that reaches the wire first every time, and tools, and trunks, and dolls' trousseaux! Why, already the German triumphal car is like a reviving magnet for the tired little eyes whipped into difference by long maternal lingers over the cliff-dwellers, apotheosis of baking-powder garden seeds or cameos and Beethoven. Over in Midway plaisance there is a nice, noisy little temple where glass is melted and blown into shape and rainbow colors that Jack Frost couldn't touch with his magic ice-brushes or soap-bubbles faintly imitate. But not nearly all these



make-believe wonders are in full blast and the round-about roads to them are beset with bales of packing-straw difficulties and boxes are not offered for the general jumping and sliding privilege of the infant guest. Once in a while a beaming Cornelia drags her jewels along with their rebellious arms half drawn out of sockets under the illusive promise of toys unlocated



but attractive in the preliminary description. One four-year-old persecuted lay himself flat on his back in the convent of La Rabida this morning and refused to proceed further under the gauzy pretext of a prospective candy elephant higher than Republic. "Where is dat Jum'o den, I'd wike to know; where is it, den?" insisted the deceived and suspicious sight-seer. The parental "in a minute" had evidently reached its en-



durable limit, and down he went on the floor to stay. "Well, I don' want to see no elafant; it's time to go home; go bwing de stweet-car." Which decision seemed ultimate amid a syncopated bravura of screams and divers echoes of vocal rebellion.

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Babies are universally diverting. No matter what color they are or how pretty, how foreign or how noisy, they are babies nevertheless, and command attention anywhere.

'Rastus, the ebony philosopher, says, "Dar's mo' po'try in a picaniny's talk dan dar yiz in all de books what's writ."

I know so many poetic blossoms dropped from the lips of babies. A dear little three-year-old boy had been promised a kitten, and as he curled himself up in his crib he said: "To-mornin' when de night goes to sleep my kitty will come." One cold winter morning somebody brought this same embryo Tennyson a box of very beautiful paints. He was delighted, but wondered at the variety of colors. "Why do I have such many kinds? Jack Frost's on'y but got si'ver and snow for window pictures."

They told a spoiled boy of four that his little playmate, Douglas, had gone to heaven, above the clouds. He was flying a kite afterward, when the string broke and the kite went out of sight. He came in crying, "Mamma, Doublets snatched my kite and flew it to de sky."

A small, curly-headed girl had an infantile passion for pansies. Wading into a forbidden bed of them one day, she tapped a half-closed flower with her tiny finger, saying, "Open your eye, panz! I won't pick you."



A doctor's little girl once heard somebody say "with all my heart and soul." "What's a heart, papa?" she asked. Papa took it up as an easy one and went airily into the pericardium, ventricle and auricle explanation, but when she said, "Dat's enough heart—what's a soul?" he did not show up so well. She listened a minute and said: "Dat'll do, papa; I don't fink you ever saw a soul." A pretty boy, just learning to talk, listened to a sympathetic baritone voice sing very tenderly "Ashamed of Jesus." When the singer finished, not all the applause in the world was worth the lisped unconscious flattery that came from the baby's lips. He said: "Mamma, what makes the tears come when I ain't sorry?" Comedy is ordinarily accidental in the budding intellect, but a baby is the most honest budget of unintentional fun alive. Their blunders are exquisite, and all the students of after-dinner wit could not strike so vehemently from the mental shoulder as do these wide-eyed innocents betimes. A bothered little boy who slept with his brother, awoke in the night and drowsily shouted, "Mama, Harry's got such many feet I can't sleep wiv' 'em all."

The only time I ever tried to erect a monument to my early piety I was a disastrous, alarming failure, and was held up as an awful example too many penitent weeks ever to forget the deep-dyed villany of infant mentality. The church had donated an inducement to easter-fund savings in the shape of a small, suggestive barrel, with "The Lord loves a cheerful giver" up and down the staves. I had circumscribed my usual swing in licorice and tutti-frutti, thwarted the designs of an alluring pop-corn vender, and thereby amassed some-



thing like 37 cents, when suddenly a demoniac tempter appeared in the guise of a penny-pickle woman just outside the school-yard.

With a troubled conscience and a twisted hairpin I proceeded to tap the "cheerful giver" daily, until one day my baby brother toddled into the dinner-room with my barrel at his ear.

"Sister, it don't sound like you had much cents," he observed.

As the ominous rattle of one copper helped on the fraternal announcement, I weakened, and the pickle swindle passed into family history. It is better to give than be given away.

For independent girls and boys who can hustle some in their own behalf, the Fair is not nearly such a task. But strange to say as yet they have been particularly in the minority. So I have come to look upon the child at Christopher's benefit as a somewhat tortured indispensable. They are not here because it is at all the proper place for a restless baby, but usually because the mother or somebody undetachable wants to come. That is not fair to the child. There are things they might see and remember with joy, there are nightmares of curiosities and interminable distances that can never be effaced. Some discretion might be shown in the forcing of children into this whirl of excitement, unsatisfactory results and wearying tramp through acres of distressing blankness to small children. There will be a beautiful nursery for them soon, where for a modest stipend the little ones will be tenderly cared for all day long if desired, but it is not finished. There will be toys galore, luncheons, stories, games, playgrounds and every simple entertainment. For good-



ness sake wait until the creche is complete before taxing the infants with the duty of paying respects to America's discoverer.

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Boys, sturdy, inquiring and uncontrollable, are the greatest supporters of the Fair. They do not cry when they are tired; they know pretty much what they want to see most, and are quite capable of finding out where exhibits interesting to boys are. The first thing after a boat ride and general motion of the geography of surroundings, the irrepressible youth wants to see the big Krupp gun, the regiment encampment, exhibit of skates, sporting manufactures and militia equipments. He goes through Midway plaisance like an expensive rocket eats at every sandwich-basket and knows more about the state buildings than the duke of Veragua would dare assert. He spends no money in classic souvenirs, but blows his entire pile in against the alluring rolling coaster or various concessionist snares and never regrets a penny of it. He wanders solemnly through machinery hall respecting the enormous wheels and prying into less formidable machinery. He is eternally some place where the cautious guard nearly expires of heart shock to behold him; he yearns to shoot pebbles at the ducks and feed the fish peanuts, but he is in such a prismatic state of mental illumination from the time he alights at 60th street until he unwillingly goes home at dusk that almost anything that is not depredation can be overlooked in an American boy at the Fair.

Those impudent, daring little cherubs which Waagen has planted all around machinery hall are typical of the boy we know best, fear considerably and hope in



eternally. The Waagen rascal stands on all the land that can be stretched between his chubby legs, looks defiant and blows not only his own horn but one equally violent belonging to the earth at large. It is the most delightful, unmanageable scrap of staff in the whole catalogue of sculpture; and the artist has not put one lonely cherub or two upon the building but braced the whole splendid structure with a crown of them. They scowl, have pretty much their own way with wreaths of white roses, are all alike and are emblems of the bulwarks of our national splendor. The dear, frightened little girls can not hold a candle to the army of irrepressibles at equal advantage of budding years. It is afterward that the lovely little lady of America comes in and overshadows him. But, equally considered, boys have a lot more experience than girls at the Fair, learn more and spend less money. Young America is not tenderly popular with various individuals who hold cepters, regulations, admissions and other privileges more weighty than complimentary remark, but I hope they will all come to the Fair and try it often. They are the bright stars of hope that shed their beams on me, et cetera, ad lib.

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A ball! In the Moorish palace, with all its bewildering mirrors, tapestries and sensuous fountains of perfume! A ball where one beauty from every clime represented in Midway will lift her glorious eyes to be admired, where almond-orbed orientals and sandaled belles of the tropics will undulate in the most serpentine of terpsichorean ecstasies inspired by "After the Ball," "We Won't Do a Thing to Him," "Papa Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow" and similar exhilara-



ting fantasies of harmony. This is a proposed and fearful anticipation of summertime. When the corn is waving, Annie, dear, keep an eye on the gentleman anticipated at the stile; he will, perchance, be chasing through the plaisance in a wild hunt for some dusky



siren who won him hands down at the bal cosmopolite. The Moorish domain is eminently the most inviting place to dream of gathering together an international crush of beauty and temperament. Just what cheering incidental accomplishments this sort of a jubilee may create can better be conjectured than calculated. About 2 A. M. dervishes, Esquimaux, cliff-dwellers, houris, colleens, drummers, Egyptians, Algerians, signoras, demoiselles, Dolecarlians and Dahomey villagers may conclude to make things pleasant for the entertainers and somewhat change the peaceful equipose truthfully purposed. A few choice jeweled knives, a rush of Bedouins or crash of Russians might lend that distinction to the cosmopolitan

reception which has characterized the usual intimate collision of savage nations and board-of-trade contingencies since opportunity afforded that license. Have the ball, by all means, but prepare for sanguinary chromatics in the picture.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

Solomon in all his glory never saw the day he could feel so arrayed as an inhabitant of Midway Plaisance Cairo does in a brand-new pair of bargain-counter shoes. He walks with a stately, discarded-street-car-horse tread, lifting his unaccustomed feet very high and balancing his head correspondingly low. But he is infused with a reckless spirit of adventure and so long as the calf-skin brogans do not pinch his linen-thonged feet he does not care whether Allah is great or not, much less whether his prophets are losing time at the beauty show. The ductile Egyptian is the easiest acclimated of all the foreigners. He is warm-blooded but cool-headed and enough of a philosopher to accept the inevitable. He wraps his sun-dyed throat and chest up in beautiful embroideries, swathes his head in silken scarfs and braces up against anything from lake winds to occidental soft drinks.

I wandered into the Odeon to-day. The Odeon is the Turkish theater, and when two reverend Turks perch themselves at the arched entrance and begin to split the surrounding atmosphere with explosive music that is the time to anticipate terpsichorean surprises within the play-house. A writhing Scheherezade in two shades of pink floated about the miniature stage by a series of muscular dislocations most alarming to a citizen of less sinuous education. I never beheld quite such an exhibition and I beheld this particular one about two minutes. I have been working my eyes slowly back to original orbits ever since. The two-



man orchestra at the door is well enough to fly from but the Odeon—well, I am not up in the Sodom and Gomorrah of it but it has worried me a trifle.

This morning three distressed guards were standing around a Polish damsel who had strayed from her friends and was making strangling efforts to elicit directions as to the way she might reach her temporary address in Chicago. Just as I broke into the depressing quartet she was repeating for the aggravating twentieth time a monotonous sentence which sounded at first blush like "Home es Yatlon street yeen Take an Polar." It was discouraging but philologically interesting. I remembered Prof. Garner and relieved the anxiety of the unhappy guards. I begun on "Yatlon," and by prismatic calculation transformed it into Laflin. Then shriveled my lingual treasury by monkey-talk illuminations which flashed harmlessly upon Take street and Polar. Suddenly she rolled her cyanotic eyes heavenward, smote her brow and shrieked exultant: "No! Pake an Tolar!" Following this vehement cue after much resurrection of the Garner method I reached such a triumphant result that the Polish infliction was sent home rejoicing to Laflin street, between Polk and Taylor, while I assumed the haughty mien of an interlocutor in a minstrel first part.

I made another effort to shiver gracefully in the harmony cold-storage hall yesterday. It is reported by people suffering from Paderewski hypnotism to be a decidedly warmer temperature to-day than yesterday, but I could not stand the sarcophagus illation and general air of exhumation curdling the classic walls. When it is warmer I shall haunt the lovely hall, but not even Paderewski can charm condensed malaria into clouds



of delight The indefatigable effort of the out-of-door brass band to blow the rocks out of Lake Michigan and the gilt from Republic is intensely diverting. They play unfalteringly with fine taste and threatening power that heralds peripneumony or scalp expansion unless some guiding charity suggests a rest of about as many hours as the exacting public can spare the heavenly racket. They are stationed near my window and betimes favor the administration rotunda with an indoor concert that entralls those of us so far enslaved to Calliope as to beam when a staccato refrain on the trombone with drum and cymbal spasms in fifths bursts the water-pipes, disorganizes the telephone and further incites movables to unseemly deportment. The finished music on the unfinished stand is charming and the rotunda awaits the occasional intramural onslaught with the shy dignity of a huge but adoring maiden. Even though an occasional auricular stricture or upset waste-basket of adjectives is resultant, these melodious afternoon treats can be nothing else than joyful.

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A sullen cloud of anticipated lonely hours floats away this morning like a shooting-star. I had dreamed of sodden days of idleness and ghastly stillness in the weeks to come and dared not hope for the gay, dispelling droughts of interest possible in a tatting klatsch or prospective dried-beef conversazione.

My mail this morning suggests that all these unheralded delights loom up before me unless Providence and the directory interferes. I am out here for the express purpose of enjoying the palpitating immediate, and want it generally understood that social attentions will be considered one of the many advantages at



tached to my present whirl of gay dissipation. Anything to pass the time. One letter stirs my inmost soul with rapture. I take the liberty of publishing this one, which is a gem of friendliness:

"Dear Madam: I have just found out that you are the lady who stopped at our house in Creston, Iowa, the time the railroad bridge broke through and small-pox was at the hotel. You will remember our little Emma, who took such a fancy to you. She has grown a good deal since, but does not seem to stand going around the Fair regular. I thought when I brought her that there would be a place to leave babies, but I find it is not finished. I know Emma would be no trouble—she is such a smart little thing—and if you will only tell me where I can find the Daily News bureau I will call and leave Emma with you while I go around. I will bring a pair of scissors, too, which you left on the what-not in Elmer's room, where you slept."

I do not remember Elmer nor the thrilling scissors episode, but I do remember little Emma and hasten to give my most explicit address to this one-night-stand relapse. I am concealed upon the wooded island, where the steam yachts are warned not to whistle, as they chase the elusive quarter lagoonward. It is damp, but I am supplied with plenty of quassia and paregoric and can recommend the subterranean Odah decorated in blue which forms the entrance to my spacious apartments. It is dry when the pipes are not busted. Pull aside the orange silk perdah at the left of arched entrance, the Daily News bureau is there. I am in the upper drawer.



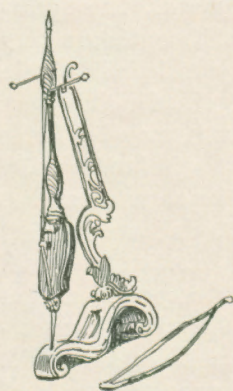
AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

Paderewski is even more spiritual, more ethereal than ever. He has acquired a certain simple majesty of bearing which he carries only while his magic fingers hypnotize the cold ivory keys. It drops from him like a robe of state when he leaves the piano. In appearance he is boyish and almost angelic, if angels are ever such marvels of genius. His beautiful hair is a little more fluffy and golden. He has gained a boldness and athletic vigor in execution which may be finish and which may be the result of that admirable poise which emanates from great, unquestioned success, but personally he is the same modest, delicate-looking wraith of harmony who captivated America last year.

Above all gifts Paderewski has temperament and magnetism. It is half his glory subtracted from unapproachable technique. What there is in this pale, waxen Polander, with his deep-set eyes and tangled yellow curls, to chain the fluttering public heart before his genius begins to shine, can be explained only in an abstract, theoretical way. But he winds himself about the heart as soon as surprise at his bizarre appearance has faded into admiration. And always Paderewski's personality hovers over his work. When he plays a creation of his own the performance is like an altar's gothic triptych which unfolds, disclosing a portrait of the donor. As an artist he is luminous rather than strikingly original, rapt more than intense and beautifully refined in every motive or accomplishment. He burns with an exalted fire which never wastes in



aimless physical evidence. There is never a flush of joy or shadow of sadness to tint his marble face under the most exhausting emotional strain. He is as calm outwardly as a nun at novena prayer. Sometimes in the midst of a magnificent climax of passionate music a glance at his immobile face almost startles. Only his intense eyes show ruddy gleams, and about his finely chiseled lips there is a tender droop. No wild



waving to and fro in the chair, no writhes, no piercing heavenward glares nor dampened brow; nothing but a wonderful concentration, a devotion that is prayerful and a flood of soulfulness that rushes out to the tips of his inspired fingers like sweetened lightnings. The man is *sui generis*, the musician is divinely gifted and splendidly scholastic.

The most interesting event of the noon programme was the performance of Paderewski's concerto in A minor. To hear a master's interpretation of his own work is the special hope of devotees, so the treat was two-fold. It is a most unique composition; for a concerto scarcely what the earlier schools expect, but wonderfully airy and sentimental, like a sparkling fragment of tonal filigree, studded with colored jewels. The orchestration is purposely scant to lay the stress of theme and development upon the piano, but each part of the concerto presents difficulties in tempo and modulation which exhibited the elegance of the Thomas orchestra's training. The audience was cool



to boorishness, so was the hall, although there was every evidence of great delight in the concerto and Paderewski's delivery of his beautiful composition. In the solos introducing the Chopin nocturne, a valse and Liszt's rhapsody, the icy adorers thawed and endeavored to express some of the pent-up idolatry for the performer of these trying numbers. But the magnificent interpretation of all three pieces deserved cheers and the height of unbounded enthusiasm. The balance of the fine programme was swamped by anticipation and enjoyment of Paderewski.

He is the most talked-about artist before the musical public of to-day, and he is a worthy figure in the gracious realm of tone, immensely interesting and poetic. The orchestra and audience were considerably distracted with the furor created by Paderewski, but there is still a vague hope that some diverting youth may coax Ignace up Archer avenue some night and turn loose a pair of clippers upon that spun-gold mane.

When the celebrated pianist stepped upon the stage his crop of somewhat indignant blonde hair rather stunned the cosmopolite congregation. Paderewski's hair is fluffy and curly as a soubrette's wig, blowing about in light ruffles like lace ballet skirts.

This turbulent halo is so overpowering at first that it is a minute before there dawns a full sense of its perfect fitness to the genius so adorned. The golden furze clouds around a face pale, spirituelle and sharp-cut. Out from under this modified albino coiffure Paderewski's eyes glow with a piercing, musical brightness. Owing to the violent aggressiveness of his bang there swept over the stranger audience a tremulous apprehension that most likely there would be typical Rubin-



steinic capers at the piano, but a little child is not more simple, modest and innocently easy than this wonderful young master of the "beautiful cold keys."

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Theodore Thomas is a marvelous man. He has more scheming, jealous enemies than an heir apparent. He knows America's limitations and ungallantly calls her down on the first musical bluff, but he is hopeful, reassuring and sanguine.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

That sweetest hour of early evening which is the most lovable of the twenty-four borrows unspeakable harmonies from the gracious beauty of landscape and these art wonders leaping to clouds which shadow the World's Fair inclosure.

When the weather is ideal, just as the kingly wheels stop groaning and an idle hush lies over all the scene, take that dainty blue gondola with a swagger dragon at the prow and drift down the waveless lagoon. For almost an hour it is as still there as in the eternal halls of silence. Armies of anxious visitors hurry toward the turnstiles, guards disappear in tramping battalions, the students lounge in contented desuetude and busy ducks march single file to chosen nooks of land, where they contest in an able-bodied but quiet manner for first place in the azalea bushes.

Domes assume a rosy gray, like burned carnations; soft wings of sleepy birds dip into the cool water and lift heavenward with a sigh of melody; the sun is not in sight but floods everything with a thrice-veiled glory that sparkles through the air like smothered laughter. Only gilded eminences catch purple gleams of this lingering daylight; Diana's fluttering scarf and arrow tip, the great gold dome; Republic's pointed cap and the silver-threaded sails of Colon's caravel. The clouds float nearer and blend tenderly with marble wonders on the peristyle, violet mists touch the carved names of blazoned history, creep close to the agate bridges and wrap the trees and flowers in perfumed loveliness.



This benison of poesy lasts less than one hallowed hour and only the lazy dreamers who are there to rest drink in the charm of it all. People who come to see the Fair leave the grounds just as this bewildering enchantment holds gentle carnival. When timid stars



find courage to shine out the lake and sky are one—a velvet plain of midnight azure. The white figures upon the porticos seize animate decision from the deep steadfastness beyond, faint and growing music from the



fountain fills the air, coronals of light start from the eaves of every building, hurrying feet, sharp commands, moving boats and festival anticipation accentuate the brilliancy. Then the crowd comes for the night, the guards grow rigid and impenetrable, the inspiring chords of a symphony peal from the band and all that was exquisite turns fantastic, all that was poetic breaks into a chorus of delight. Illumination evenings can not be described by words or painter's ecstasy or music less than angel glorias.

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There is something so refining and elevating in a constant association with classics and the evidences of divine inspiration that one learns to scoff the lesser world. After a fortnight out here among the idealized myths, masterpieces and treasures of generations past, under the lindens of towering intellectuality, with gods and goddesses as nearest intimates I rather feel the contamination of this rude century and dreamily hope before autumn fashions appear in the elevated railroad trains that I may be a chaste and durable granite lady forever exalted to perpetuation and the same costume. Probably before July I shall insist upon wearing light and rectangular draperies, a filet and wildly waving locks, and will float at intervals up and down the lagoon with laurel contributions and songs of more or less integrity. Even now I really do not see how I could reconcile myself to lend galoshes to anybody less than Ceres or Melpomene and my umbrella shall not be trifled with by a hand more modern than Neptune's or a sign of the zodiac. I feel so chummy with Dante, Homer and Euripides that "Lover's Once but Strangers Now" reads like sample English. I shall probably



have all my lunches served in Sanskrit before winter and aspire to argue with the Kiralfy ballet. The intimacy with unconquerable names has lent me a hostile prestige not to be squelched. An autograph album presented to-day for the addition of my wholly unnegotiable but picturesque signature quite gave me a start by its unworthiness to cope with the court-of-honor titles where my eyes rest adoringly. If I do not turn to staff or something more antique and lasting it is barely possible that I may not be altogether a desirable citizen among people who haven't been up to Olympus since root beer came into favor. As for princes, modern pashas, creatures of local preferment or groveling wealth and telephone switch-girls, they no longer strike terror to my accustomed soul by superior airs or rumpling manners. I am spiritually elated by familiarity with spangled genius and august if plastered and painted dignity. There is nothing like molded laurel leaves for fertilization of aristocratic assurance and equanimity under most trying circumstances.

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In anticipation of rebellious thousands at the illumination Saturday night, a proclamation has been issued to the military, which for nice, mild docility and conspicuity, fades all other spectacular documents relating to the Columbian Fair into pale inconsequence. Customary disciplinary forms are waved, and the command begins, "Dear Sirs." "Gents," was for some reason overlooked, a term which might have been in better keeping with the general flowing literary accumulativeness of the order. Respect pales for England expects every man to do his duty, Forward the light brigade,



*Veni, vidi, vici*, and a few of those effective brevities associated with warriors and serious engagements by the launching into three sheets of advice and hopes and suggestions to the commandant and subordinates.

I ran across one of these strayed from an official envelope and shall endeavor to keep a copy of it as a sample of suspected marshaling talent and prismatic lingual asservation. To repeat it all would be unkind to the military "dear sirs" addressed, but a few somnolent extracts may soothe benighted parliamentary resurrectionists and assuage the yearn from uninvited armories to join the festive guardian of Jackson park. The order hints that, perhaps, it would be a good idea to ask the guards "to keep their eyes open" and requests them "not to bring their families to the show." Likewise doth the kindly direction offer the adroit intimation that "a rehearsal the night before" of this scheme of prevention and protection might be advisable. One remarkable enjoinder was to this effect: "Try to think out what might happen." The effulgent specter of a variegated and mentally embarrassed soldier trying to "think out what might happen" is immensely impressive but discouraging to insiccate imaginations.

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In this wide shelter of anointed happiness there lurks a man as scourged as Eugene Sue's *Juif Errant*. No rare exotic odors, nor fleeting blushes, nor blossoms of the lotus, nor young love can drive the pallor of his destiny away. He is the hapless gentleman in charge of the unclaimed pass-photographs. He sits in this morgue of unrecognizable heads, haunted by ghastly stares from things too abnormal for publica-



tion, tries to accuse searching applicants of resemblance to the unhappy shades and *totis viribus* succeeds in accruing to his credit a long and irredeemable list of callous dislikes.





AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

There is something poetic in the sympathy, loyal devotion and hopeless pride of the people of Poland for that nameless outcast country. The gentle fraternity acceptance of inevitable malheur and stanch braving of cruel wrongs are more forcible than the firmness of a kingdom, because the oppressed minority cling together with pathetic courage and their faithful battles are beautifully heroic and genuine.

Poland has no history but that it is fair and unhappy and the nest of buried genius. Pulaski and Petrovoski head a long list of gifted Polish men and women, aristocracy refined in the flames of gnawing ingratitude and poverty; great virtuosi, celebrated painters, tragedians, musicians, frigid but intense literature; Modjeska, Paderewski, Tschaikowski and a golden tablet of names. The Polish representation at the Fair is confined to a pretty little cottage hostelry, where bigos barazez (a wonderful salad steak, augmented with Polish condiments and kuemmel of dynamitic ferocity) is served under the craned necks of typical storks, which stretch their smooth, still necks out from the porches. Count Rubiński and Chicago's vote commander, Kiolbassa, engineered this quiet kitchen, and it is perhaps the most popular Bohemian resort in the grounds. Modjeska and Count Bozenta both express great disappointment that the house did not take the picturesque designs of a real Polish cottage with the peculiar gables, vine-covered windows and odd projecting eaves, but at least the brave, impoverished do-



main is represented at the Exposition and what it lacks in wealth is made up in beautiful completeness by the art exhibit, where all that is classic and soulful speaks from the galleries' favored walls.

Painters of such note and surprise do not come in any other instance from so small and gravely sorrowful a people. Cracow and Warsaw are conspicuous by contributions to the art collection. Men and women whose brushes breathe inspired dreams and tell of rich profligacy in genius. That splendid Polish sensualist with the perfectly inexcusable name who revealed his masterpiece "Nana" to alarmed Chicagoans last year has in the exhibit a superb example of his luxuriant style.

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The drab dwellers in the corrugated iron cliffs never celebrate. The flirt of festal banners, blaze of lights and venturesome pyrotechnic offends the digger gentleman over much. No colors gleam in his intramountain residence, no songs, no laughter, no rejoicing shouts. He creeps out alone and looks distressed at the sun, blinks at lowering clouds and is eternally employed chopping things. When the chimes toll at eventide he comes out and listens silently in something like dismay and unfriendliness. Music is oppressive to the last degree to the cliff-dwellers, and no wonder; a chord in B minor with vocal accompaniment crashes across the lagoon and lights in thunderous reverberations upon the mental peaks of his World's Fair home, and the crack of doom suggests a pale echo to compare with the capped boiler explosion that shatters underground mentality within the false walls of the cliff-dwellers. Moss and cactus and chilly verdure are



propagating on these uncliff-like mountains of iron. The dweller therein marvels much at this hybrid blossoming of the graveled roof which shelters him from parades, commissioners' eloquence, plaid neckties and other noisy unavoids within the grounds.

Until the Wild West is seen at night half the beauty of the spectacle is untested. The outside stillness, the streams of silver light, glitter of the Indian braided togery, flash of sabers and glistening sides of the flying horses all give untold enchantment to the wild and picturesque scenes. When the glass balls are shattered by disastrous bullets they shiver through the air like frozen tears in the moonlight.

A very inviting Arab evolutionist twirls upon that whitened platform in the field, until sympathetic hypnotism is all that saves the witnesses from blithering idiocy. At night this Arabian top with his extended hands and ghostly skirts assumes uncanny interest. His draperies catch reflected lights from everywhere. His flying feet seem electrified and his bronze face touched with gold.

The Cossack riders are weird and somewhat fearful in the fitful shadows, and the horses shy and tremble and foam with undecided premonition. Nothing so witch-like and solemn as the night Sioux ghost-dance can be imagined in theatrical production. I was warned upon entering the tent of Kicking Bear one day that this most decorative chieftain was not altogether friendly. In mad endeavor to conciliate him long enough to retain my scalp until I reviewed his tent appointments I searched my satchel for some soothing offering and the only bright fragment in the bag proved to be an aluminum envelope-opener en-



graved: "Everybody reads the Daily News." This souvenir I presented him with affectation of ceremony. He rose (of course he was lounging, they always are), took my hand and grunted savagely over it. Nothing human could have surmised whether he was going to cut my throbbing arteries or bless me for ever.

This morning I was rooted to the peristyle by the sudden vision of two Indians arising from the lagoon steps and advancing with heads bent mysteriously forward. One of them spoke to me, rolled up his eyes and pointed majestically to his colossal chest. With a hole punched in the envelope-opener and a leather cord through it, Kicking Bear was resplendent with the aluminum legend:

.....  
: EVERYBODY READS :  
: THE DAILY NEWS. :  
.....

He had recognized me as the donor of this luminous badge and probably repeated his thanks and appreciation.

There is a bewitching echo in the Rocky mountain scene of the Cody show which is only obtainable or at least noticeable at night. Every gun-shot, note of music or prairie yell is caught up by the canyon gulches and mock hills, tossed back in clanging chords that finally sweep up Devil's Slide like melodious fairy footfalls.

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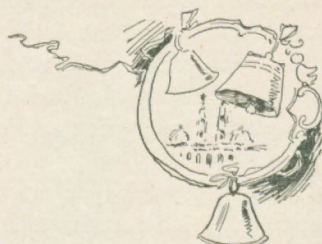
There are lovely unaltered spots of Jackson park in isolated quarters which lend naturalness to the hand-wrought beauty of art all about the fair. Soft, old mosses thicken about the edges of familiar ponds,



clumps of older trees, scraps of boulevard and heavy pillows of grass unmown. The old tiger that crouches between elms near is seared and yellow and loses the threatening dignity by comparison with Kemeys' snow-white monsters stretching giant claws from portals turned to welcome.

There is a teetering, wobbly flag-pole in front of the Illinois building, which careens to leeward at every zephyr. At the top is a flat-chested and indignant brass eagle kept in a frenzied perpetual motion which gives him an inebriated appearance of violently picking at the star-spangled affliction that does not wave but sways humidly about the eagle's legs. The staff is wired to surrounding shrubbery, the cold, dull earth and other available unmovables but is not an ideal streamer for a country old enough to stand alone.





The flawless solemnity, the awe and conquering graciousness of this wonder-haven loses no minim of potency by intimate association and endearment.

It grows upon the senses like a splendid god feeding on subtle incense and the reflected sweetness of worshipful perfections. What seemed beautiful at first inspires now with accumulated grandeur, and that which appealed to finer sentiment reaches out lovely arms of revered acquaintance, gentle superiority and divinity. There is a certain indescribable sympathy of atmosphere, hushed sunshine and impenetrable glory at that one hour of hours when the tumultuous harmony of the World's Fair chimes floods the waiting evening.

At 6 o'clock a wave of melody from restless metal throats pulses exultant through the silent air. It rises suddenly like an angel chorus in the white spires of mechanics palace and creeps out in storms of music from under the arches of liberal arts domain. Nothing so thrilling and majestic ever courted the clouds and the gray old lake. The air throbs with responsive songs, the water seems to melt into happy quietness and the world smiles when these bells intone good-bye



to the day and warning of to-morrow. To hear them plenteously and devoutly one must not be urgently rushing about the grounds but idly lifted to the top-most eminence of manufactures dome or lost in gathering shadows upon the still lagoon. Then all the angelus breaks over souls prepared, unclasps the sacred albums of memory and of hope, leaps into hearts with forgotten melodies like haunting prayers that come from wistful eyes or the trembling pressure of timid, passionate hands.

It is the hesitating incompleteness of the music, that joyous innocence which always lies pent up in bells, which infuses so much touching ecstasy and youth into these peals of harmony bursting through the dignity of classics and blossoming splendor. A woman suggested the poetic employment of the Fair's gigantic bells for sunset chimes and the pleasant benison of old-fashioned songs: "John Anderson, My Joe John," "Red, White and Blue," "Killarney," Suwanee River," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," and a dozen as welcome as these sleep in the golden depths of the great bells and every evening I await them ardently.

"\* \* \* expectation whirls me round.  
The imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchants my sense. I fear me  
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness  
For the capacity of my ruder powers."

Of course, when mooted Shakespeare put these excited integrals into the torrid vocabulary of Troilus another sort of music than that of giant belfry clocks and holy bells rang in his ears, but it quite fits the mood of any wanderer who bows down to the good



and beautiful on earth and lives within the jeweled necklace of these art confines.

\* \* \*

If some seething intellect could secure a "quorum concession" and exhibit obtainable varieties of that yearned-for and elusive parliamentary quantity an indisputable if somewhat alarming success might be the inevitable consequence. Since committees first began to meet out here an astonishing deficiency in the "quorum" alchemy has been on exhibition everywhere. An appropriation lies undefiled by ten days and costs at the women's congress hall, and the numerous lady managers who have not been requested to manage sit around the treasury frozen into tragic Niobes grieving apace for the \$6 per diem which is not coming to them, though it might have been theirs but for the evaporative quorum.

Sunday is a day of supposititious rest until a quorum changes the previously respected arrangements of creation. In fact, the only fault to find with this glorious temporary educator is that it is all out of quorums and has a chronic attack of adjournments upon the slightest provocation.

One of the disappointments and really regrettable delays is the unfinished creche. Many ladies subscribed to the fund devoted to constructing this charming infant retreat urged to the donation by certainty of receiving delightful relief for tired little babies and burdened mothers, but it advances with such mincing step and dampening indifference that nobody knows when it may be open for the citizens in embryo. What we want is a large and noisy collection of quorums which can in bulk hustle through arguments, raise



Cain with the slumbering administration and come to various important decisions before snow-drifts bury the objects of contention.

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A Byronic creature decorated with flattened Derby hat, several qualities of Britannic English, a sweltering glance and much charm of manner enticed me this morning into a promise to visit the exhibit from Ashmead Bartlett-Coutts' celebrated Brookfield stud. With a palpitating hope that sunny-maned Goldwave, her prettiest colt or something prancing and glossy from Sultan, perhaps Peri and Nor'Easter and maybe the London M. P. himself might be fretting, champing bits or chewing hay in the British exhibit at agricultural palace, led me on through a labyrinth of Iowa corn, Minnesota wheat and whiskies various. The poetic horse representative had assured me that everybody knew Mr. Burdett-Coutts, Esq.'s, assignment and I anticipated scurrying of guards to enlighten my benighted tour. "Over there," the usual salutation of the pleasant Columbian director, means absolutely anywhere in the agricultural building, but I thought a stable full of the thoroughest thoroughbreds could not be curtailed off by "that great monster of ingratitude, Oblivion," and in a sweeping dash of regard all over everything in sight I espied the flattened Derby and alluring profile of the young gentleman who sung the lay of Ashmead so successfully.

Not horses nor even 'orses, but voracious chromolithography disclosing the famous stud in divers feats of wonderful coaching achievements, record breaking and the familiar turf episodes incumbent upon great hackney equines and speedy fillies.



It was something of a disappointment and the youth of the depthous glance and flattened Derby nearly fainted away when I confided my trust that the horses had been shipped bodily to these unworthy shores. However, there is a charming little model of Brookfield farm, which lies right in the heart of London at the foot of Highgate where the tramway passes, and where other uncomfortable "Lunun" occurrences take place every five minutes. It has been built in exact repetition of the great stables at 'ome and is lighted cunningly with electricity to show the completeness of the wonderful stables. The very expensive baronet turfman, Mr. Coutts, will be in America some time during the summer and if his social qualities compare with the faultless aristocracy of his horses we may expect some polite excitement upon his arrival.

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To relieve the mollusious guard of overweening duties several neoteric signs have made their appearance upon objects of interest. A huge pile of rocks which nobody old enough to read would be foolish enough to disturb is plastered with exclamatory monitions to keep "hands off" as if any sober-minded, contented citizen cared to commit suicide by hurling a choice collection of rocks at himself. In the government building a mammoth fire-extinguisher is labeled with the soothing information that "this is not drinking water." In horticultural hall a startling assistance is offered catalogue-searchers by the advice to "Step into the lady at the main entrance." An exhibitor of cracker dainties has a souvenir apprising him of the decision of the board to prevent his "giving any snaps away."



In liberal arts building, the throne of harmony which has been the disgruntled scene of clashing discord ever since the gates opened, is swarming with gratis announcements tending to assuage the tide of scoff veering in that direction. Altogether the guard has more time to yawn and less inclination to "think what might happen" than ever. The soldiers in command concede that the guard ought to be mantled in the McClaughry uniform and armed with clubs. The guard himself considers that he ought to be emblazoned with medallions, chain armor and things, and be permitted the trifle of an Umslopogas spear or nickel-plated pick-ax. The dashing and deafened guard does not have half such a dream of bliss at the Fair as has been accredited him. His gold plate is tarnishing and his dialects are twisting; with the clang of the turnstile early in the day griefs arrive for him in fanciful enumerations. He is target for interrogations such as never struck a uniform and like the dove with white, white breast, he mourns and mourns and mourns.

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There is so much real and princely music outside the hall originally intended to monopolize soul and song that the backward spring reigning in that sacred structure is gradually forgetting. Rhapsodies blue with muffled notes and coated tongues are not exchangeable for currency to-day. Instead of inclement weather, which has been drawing 9 per cent interest since last Christmas, festival hall is eminently preferable to the peristyle refrigerator, even with Walter Damrosch doing his best not to congeal. The most charming concerts of the Fair have been given in central hall of the woman's building. The programmes,



without exception, have been beautifully selected and superbly presented. The ladies are delightful listeners and the attendance invariably reaches the crush limit. In the first place the hall has acoustics almost faultless; the arrangements of seats, light and heat are exceptionally happy, and the gathering of distinguished women and pretty girls give an impetus to music that no other audience ever can.

At each state or national building dedication joyous strains of more or less proscribed chords and invariably a capital band assist. The Chicago Second lent its splendid brasses to Illinois, so that favored state really offered the best American music of the season. The Norway dedication was attended by a capital programme of choice music excellently given and the Chinese quarters beat to the front with boilers filled with lapis lazuli tone-frills and chrysanthemum minors. The concerts in the McKinley-roofed umbrellas at the court-of-honor are delightful. The programmes are as near classic as brass band music should ever approach and the popular incidents are applauded when people really have not time to express heartier enthusiasm. There is no sound of other music than the silent harmony of blended color and exquisite emotion among the art galleries. They are still and shut away from blares and the distracting sounds of revelry. There is music everywhere about here, in the soft mist of the lake that curls along the pale-lipped porticos, in the forest with its feathery leaves and shy spring branches, over the purple dyes of pansy faces and the lapping waves of the smooth lagoon. It is all music from the whispering arrow in Diana's bow to the violet symphonies of the colored fountains, but the harmony



in music hall ought to be hung out on the clôthes-line to dry, the atmosphere be transferred to the patent ice concession and the special committee charitably inclosed in the tobasco department of Paraguay.

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Ballet girls, statuesque, coquettish, swagger and noisy, are beaming contributors to the daily invoice of visitors. They toy with the trinket affections of the gilded guard, they scare the limpid-eyed chair-propeller out of a prospective scholarship and ask for samples of everything from a reporter's lunch to the royal diadem. They droop enticingly over Austrian statuettes and Parisian bijouterie, laugh incessantly, eat outrageously and never miss a complimentary opening. They waltz on the roof promenades, chew gum, patronize the slot machines and encounter screaming dangers. They hurl emolient languishments via the military and want to ride in Buffalo Bill's Deadwood coach. When the band lights up with a stirring march every girl's head elevates, she points her toes and tilts along airily like a tarlatan regulated thermometer. She hums with the cornet and tosses her chin with the succinct "umpah" of a marked bass. The ballet of a resident spectacle unfurled among the myths lends rufescent glares to the marble loftiness of the dream city. One never knows to what fearful sacrilege hats may descend or skirts aspire until some dozen of these fascinating sirens are turned loose on wooded island or on the plaisance.

The front row of Kiralfy's or Henderson's six can rout the Egyptian chapel and capture the muezzin. There is a certain irresistible dreadfulness about the genus coryphee which wears a badge of "stand from



under" that knocks the fluctuous reporter's star higher than Mars in perihelion. When crab-apple blossoms and lilacs fill the air with 10-cents-a-bunch perfume—when the Lawndale tenderfoot sows cucumber, lettuce and radish seed in nice, square beds to raise a healthy crop of chickens for his pie-faced neighbor—then, or now, for the time is here, a new (all too new usually) class of girls begins to gyrate and signs of dashing invaders are everywhere prominent. They do not come in troops, but singly, two at a time, or in blocks of five, but they come, the Amazon chorus, imperious ballet, summer girls, who monopolize all the ice cream, soda and dudes in town; who run things or want to know why; who wear tremendously swell clothes, illiterate hats, and devour quantities of marshmallows.

A certain unusual configuration observable in the floating populace is in the main due to the celebrations involving cosmopolitan interests. The presence of spectacle in various stages of perfection and development, and a couple of burlesque troupes, together with assembling nations.

Girls, girls, girls! Every quality of beauty and in every conceivable state of fashion and simplicity. Not Chicago girls, though. They are so easy to distinguish. In the first place, home girls are the only ones ever quite clean in Chicago. Girls from a strange and purer atmosphere are not schooled in the graceful and exciting art of blowing soot from their noses, protecting their lily necks and avoiding contact with anything that has been outdoors five minutes. A loyal Chicago girl never touches a stair-rail, a store-counter, a man's coat or any collector of the indigenous smudge. But the transient belle from unclouded climes flutters



through the smoke of our incomparable burg with beaming eyes thrown at weird angles by streaks she wots not of. Her ears are deafened and her veil clogged, her neck would crock like black alpaca and her gloves and cloak and train look as though she had been in a Pennsylvania natural-gas tunnel. The Chicago girl seems a trifle shocked at these evidences of reckless and unprofitable leans against things and she serenely parades the same thoroughfares with dainty skirts and immaculate gloves, wafting about like a butterfly, wiping a feathery handkerchief over her muff, whacking her petticoats against protected posts, puffing her gauzes and snapping her ribbons, wholly unconscious of action but intent upon cleanliness at any sacrifice.

Actresses who have been "broken in" to the wanton liberties of Chicago smut scrub from early morn till dewy eve in vain hopes to emulate the fair dweller herein. Those who have not been waiting till the clouds roll by for a Chicago season come on the stage with the most laughable distortions due to the unfeeling smoke. Invariably there is the suggestion of a rising mustache under the white about the lips. Hands are hideous in unexpected grime and collars, cuffs, aprons and arms collect the dust with obstinacy that seems a local impertinence, so it is the first duty of every pretty girl in our dusky midst to beware of paying toll to the chimneys.

The streets are blooming with lovely women and distinguished men. Half the gentler rambles have a dash of artificiality chaining them to the "profession," a tint of penciled blue under the eyes, a carmine tinge to the ears and lips, hats we do not always approve,



but mildly envy and a dozen other indications of contented Bohemianism. There are dainty blondes who are none the less sweet for a drop of peroxide gilding their sunny curls, vivacious brunettes aflame in the new and daring plaids and royal purples. There are demure little coryphees who flit about in droves, very charming to follow, and groups of attractive men with deep foreign eyes and good backs. Some belong to the Midway, some to the stage. It is hard to tell which is which.

This May product of Chicago has compound self-assurance. She wants more waiting upon than an entire Turkisk harem, monopolizes the best of everything, looks lovely and complacent with more No. 18 Dorin under her eyes than would color a Bierstadt sunset, and Lot's wife, after she had looked back, could scarcely furnish brine enough to reduce these fresh, airy creatures to the polite pickle of customary womanliness. She does not stay very long at the Fair and rehearses the wild west cayotte yell and the Dahomey quartet devotions in the race trains. The ballet girl is one of Chicago's most indefensible perquisites, but the World's Fair has that to learn, and she is followed by a lurid stream of muddled admiration and mezzo-tint blasphemy from the depot to her humble menage in the city.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

When dewy zephyrs creep over the lagoon and a jubilant swirl of frog-pond reminiscence and gnats float through the choicest atmosphere on hand a spirit of insular commerce seizes the silky fingered habitants of the plaisance.

Immediately arc-lights spring from the minaret and rim the house-tops in amber, a pallid, thunder-stricken gasp for gain sweeps over the street in Cairo, down through the Chinese-lanterned alleys and the Teuton haunts into the curtained whiteness of Donegal and under the thatched eaves of Blarney. Cunning Javanese women who demurely weave impracticable straw mysteries so long as the sun cares to smile, shuffle into tiny pattens and seek the wary purchaser as soon as evening comes. Dahomey opens its jaw and bellows for dollars, Cyprus and Algeria writhe in competitive recklessness, and everything from comparative conversation to superlative embroidery is for sale at a vacillating price.

Last night under the spell of an unexpected discount and an attack of recollection I thought of a dusky Egyptian siren who wanted me to squander no end of adhesive coin upon a trifle of Indian stuff insured to be a pun-wadi kin-kob of much delicacy. I left the nook which shelters me and trouble for a trip through the dazzling street of strangers. All windows were alight

As with the quintessence of flame.  
A million tapers flaring bright  
From twisted silvers looked to shame  
The hollow vaulted dark and streamed  
Upon the mooned domes aloof.



But illumination was sicklied o'er with the pale cast of chestnuts and the prospect of a vision including a real kin-kob of pun-wadi thrilled me with unbidden familiarity for the august electric volt and cracksome globe of incandescence. In the plaisance was the jangled rush of voices always stirring in curious, interested crowds, and dodging in and out among the idlers were busy money-makers from the antipodes.



Above all tribes the melancholy and classic party from Cairo is most persistently thrifty. One of those close-veiled, long-eyed creatures who suggest everything but domestic economy and speculative industry will nag the life out of a Christian, inveigling him into the purchase of a ribbon, a flower, a filigree-frosted pipe or a life-charm. The damosel who had promised me the scrap of pun-wadi was an East Indian girl who strayed into the Egyptian camp and is occupied principally in yawning all day and prowling about in splendid audacity all evening, viv with an ambition to cleave the

purse-strings of anybody susceptible to smoldering eyes with lids blue-veined and brown as a velvet nasturtium. She bubbled over, coquetted and dallied with the herd of visitors as if she had known them all since Punjab and Hazara first opened rival bargain-counters for phulkaries. She left three doubt-



ful Massachusetts precincts and one savage of adoring mien to stumble across the street in quest of the pun-wadi kin-kob for me. I was panting in a stuffy little tent for ten minutes, when I heard a swift, tarantelle of flying feet pursued by other feet and a high-pitched scherzo in Cleopatra nouns and Halsted street adjectives. My lady of the kin-kob flew by me, blazing in whispered wrath. Somebody had sold the embroidered scarf before I had time and having lost

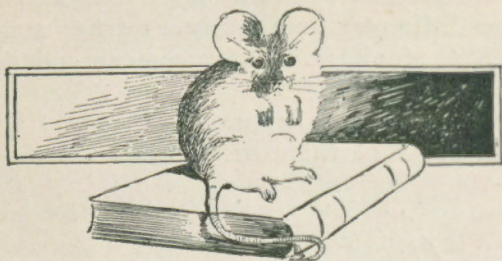


the sale and incidental profit she suddenly became oblivious of my existence in spite of the dulcet adoration proclaimed for me since the day of our decidedly charming acquaintance. Left to study the natives, I wandered alone and exhilarated by the activity in trade and assiduous alms-searching. Great, handsome men languidly appealed to the surging masses, women in seductive contortions of our tangent language and the sweet sobbing tension of their velvet own coaxed



prettily for anything in negotiable currency, tiny boys and saucy little girls, old weather-beaten Arabs and eerie Moors hinted that purchasers were more welcome than royalty and donations considered the eminently appropriate method of celebration. Babies in soft russet arms are one of the fascinating decoys for odd quarters and less. Every conceivable oriental sorcery is devised to lure flippant but acceptable coin and the liberty of reckoning costs according to the mental balance of the customer is one of the cheerful commercial rubrics elucidating the erratic scale of prices governing sales in the plaisance.





A solitary and usually much-embarrassed mouse has attended my gloomiest moments of reverie here in the whitened kraal that shelters me, the pass exhibit and other restless time devourers. The little vagrant was gray and noiseless as a microbe and the shy, uncomfortable preference for me and sultry solitude made me suspicious of there really being any mouse there to encourage in questionable eventide attentions to me alone. However, assurance from a guileless and drowsy artist who sometimes dreams weird sketches out of the same opulent atmosphere settled my nerves upon the reality question but rather fretted away the wan placidity which perched within my coop of choice intentions and serenity. I never could grasp a fluttering idea from the cyclone flying about in the pavilion that my worshiping rodent did not observe the unique occasion by scudding out from nowhere to bestow upon me one rapt, sleek glance and skim up the desk side or make a fine tooth exit over the window edge. This silent and mystifying adulation had been going on more than a week and I with some trepidation began to return the ratty devotion, when suddenly my



intimate became very much stuck on a decidedly shocking lady who luxuriously stretches more than fifteen feet of undressed physique around the wall girting my window.

This is how it all happened. I like to be alone when the beautiful chimes ring, when the day-watch



sailors file down the court-of-honor in tired lines, and when the sleepy summer days whisper violet nothings to the night. So, as agate shadows gather, full of that sweet language of perfume in which faint roses write love letters to the evening air, I seek the seclusion that my cabin grants and angle for soulful



inspiration. The mouse was musical; mice and condemned murderers often develop the Mendelssohn habit, and I have been enabled to guess that this mouse preferred "Traumeri," "Heimweh," the Kreutzer sonata, "My Buck Billy Goat," Chopin and sodden minors in grooves of bilious rectitude. Just before yesterday's sun stopped fading the gonfalons and flags I wended my weary way to the administration building and meant to rest, listen to the ebbing tide of footsteps and collect a few outstanding thoughts and things. Around the corner the band echoed something somnolent and, availing myself of the perilously verdant couch which stands aloof in the corner of our six-by-ten domain, I must have dropped into the "muffled cage of life" a second, for as a gust of chords came in a murmur from the court a satin horror crawled about my throat and the shriek greeting this gentle caress sent the osculatory mouse over the typewriter and into the paste-pot head first. For the brief space it took me to hunt scissors, improvise a lasso and impromptu stretcher, tragedy seemed imminent. But by trembling stages the unfortunate admirer of silence, music and me was rescued and held at scared arm's length upon a sagging square of blotting paper. Before heart failure attacked both of us I tenderly dumped him out upon the chaste facade, where the nude lady wrangles with a few preferred stocks in satyrs, fauns and Cupids. Small but heartfelt twinges of a pasted voice emerged from the bankrupt mouse as he endeavored in hopeless squirms to extricate his tangled claws and dopey whiskers. Enough animation responded to his efforts to strengthen him in a wabby desire to plant himself upon the dimpled foot



of the staff lady. This he accomplished while the unkind paste was in a cheerful state of hilarious tenacity and, glued to the majestic goddess of elements, the musical and romantic mouse came to an untimely and classic demise.







"The army" is mine to idolize, of course; likewise it is charmingly courteous in sections and delightful individually. But it is bathed in malheur at the Fair. It stalks abroad looking for sensations which abjure the grounds, it wastes satin-lined capes, tilted caps and bushels of buttons in sordid attempts to win honeyed glances and wafted kisses. The pretty girl visitor at the Exposition perpetually gazes upward to unattainable roofs and marble gentlemen without buttons or any clothes to button, and below in stately desertion wither the flower of the military in gobelin blue casts of temper.

There is the most charming set of men among the soldiers camping here at the grounds. Men of distinction, culture and brilliant wit. The jolly invoices of cadets have lifted brooding tedium from the regulars and offered them the rare chance to vary the monotony of coaching guards and reading dreadful French novels. A soldier is not much of an originator of schemes to enliven life. As a rule that is left entirely to nervous fate and society. Left to his own resources, even in a place like Jackson park, the man of battles vegetates apace. He is ready for any sort of skirmish, but he never dreams of precipitating the cause for anything but taps. He is the most pictur-



esque and fascinating social lion but never creates any entertainment except the most heroically passive sort. Out here the army detests gold strips of honor, silken cords and the army blue uniform. It is consumed with yearns deep and stentorious to carve up the municipality and rally round the flag. It is polished to enchanting excess in brave fidelity, etiquette and a stalwart intention to break loose and run for Fort McKinney, Dodge, Hampden Roads or Hamilton. There is a pleasant regiment of them here now and what between the depressing lack of adventure and the obtuse regulations America's pride is very much unstrung and champing.

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Exactly the proper color to allow fluttering in a complimentary button-hole has been decidedly an agitating question for a week or so. I started out Monday with a delicate bit of pink ribbon as decoration in honor of the Troy seminary brigade assembled to commemorate the Willard effort in educational means. Then the folk-lore congress presented me with a dark-blue slab of dates which fought with the pink all Willard-day. Sweden's yellow and purplish azure and the orange and red of Queen Margherita arrived on the same date, and Yale's victories demanded a sympathetic remembrance in the college shade. Cadets from Ohio, camping on the green, liked to see their own badge flying at coat collars apt to be unfurled near the Buckeye tents, and what with a vague intention to please everybody and not assume the general spectacular appearance of a drum-major or junk shop the effectual pinning and unpinning of breast ribbons became somewhat of an exciting nuisance.



The prospect of 30,000 pass-holders presenting those fearful photographed faces to be punched again is one of the dreaded anticipations at the service building. A Dwight exhibit of this homicidal tendency is deemed necessary by the thoughtful commission, but the destructive effect upon those unhappy persons obliged to verify the likeness and smash a wreath of identification and acknowledgment over the weird collection of eyes and necks is a matter for psychical charity, not to say public interference.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

The international ball should be repeated. Repeated with ceremony, grandeur of environment and befitting formality. Nothing like the fantastic possibilities were at all compassed in the suffocating cheapness of the affair at the Natatorium Wednesday evening.

It was a nightmare of discomforts, hilarity and barbaric splendor. The gorgeous pictures, the Babel of color and character, the endless whirl of strange customs, the opportunity for study of mental, moral and physical development and the might of various peoples brought into such prismatic comparison was a dignified occurrence vaguely hinted in the common surroundings, uncouth paucity of etiquette and the license governing the occasion.

There might be another ball of such glorious picturesqueness and novelty that the memory of it would grow into history. Instead of in a rude-boarded, stuffy hall, with well meaning but absurd people in charge, the ball should be given in one of the splendid white palaces built for entertainment of kings and nations, where beauty and the dignified elegance of culture and education could rule the ceremonies. The great terminal station, velvet-curtained and tapestried, would offer a sumptuous background for the painting of the world's productions and habitants. The lofty arched rotunda, sweeping galleries, exquisite views from the promenades and the broad, graceful steps leading everywhere make the terminal station a place for display, decoration and complimentary accessories to pleasure



and profit. Wednesday thousands were denied admission of necessity; the general impression that after a certain hour the restraint of civilization would be tossed aside kept hundreds of amusement-seekers away, particularly ladies, and the locality, indefinite invitation and misunderstandings in consequence led to the gathering of as motly and crude a host of citizens as cosmos could choose to breathe upon.

The most beautiful creature at the ball was Allalauia, the Samoan girl. She is molded in such statuesque perfection as never a corseted, French-heeled belle of civilization could hope to cultivate. Her eyes are what a diamond-misted storm-cloud of Eden might have been, so soft and warm and brilliant that they almost speak in lovely poems of happiness. Her bare, oiled, bronze skin shone in dimpled health and prettiness and her carriage and discreet modesty presented a commentary upon the pert women stenographers, type-writers and divers female clerks of the plaisance who were perched upon the stage with Kapurthala's monarch, old Rain-in-the-Face and other pleasant incumbents of public attention.

The delicate little Japanese ladies, fine and sweet as cloisonne tracings, were winning enough to adore from afar. Their dance was the essence of exquisite grace and coquetry, their embroidered kimonas were the most elegant costumes present and their dainty refinement something charming to see. Dahomey, of course, carried everything savage before it with a vehemence of physical exertion and spiritual ecstasy overwhelming in diabolism. The gentler nations lent their clear voices to characteristic melodies and dances; the Americans, who made a very tame showing in compar-



ison, plunged into reprehensible and stultifying gulps of oratory and then the ball of frolicsome anticipations swung into the expected groove of recklessness. Another one should be given at an early date, quite as cosmopolitan, strange and full of marvels but surrounded by all the enchanting paraphernalia of social form and artistic invention.

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During the dance an inky little Boushreen maid, with bare feet and snapping eyes, had no end of trouble with her snowy muslin drapery. It was deftly drawn into folds about her shoulders so that a generous stretch of ebony torso might lure admiring glances. It persisted in tripping her black and agile feet. She hitched it up, yanked it down,

twisted it, lifted it, wadded and rolled it in lugubrious silence for a while, then started in with a smothered rivulet of condemnation and finally stumbled headlong over a refractory chair. Her tightly braided locks stood out straight, she blazed like a statuette of cannel coal just lit, then jumped up and down in rectangular leaps and yelped like a baby cougar. Just as the infuriated little imp was about to tear off the imitation of



a toga somebody who knew the ropes and the infantile recklessness of the ingenuous Boushreen when in clothed imprisonment rushed to the rescue and robbed the morning papers of a genuine sensation. She was cooled off and persuaded to wear the oppressive swathing until the transplanted jungle which she ornaments was reached in partial serenity.

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The Midway ball fantastique was hardly a kindly place in which to weld the shaky chains of honeymoon matrimony and the delirious groom who would risk a ten-days'-old bride in such teeming climes of probability ought to lose his half-Nelson lock on bliss. An ardent benedict sat three hours cramped up in a box and spent most of the



time returning sulphurous gazes of affection to his very pretty wife. But as the dance grew variegated in demeanor and frivolous, the tender bridegroom grew restless and mentioned something intemperate and breathless about a smoke. There was a pout and sigh and gurgle of sympathy and then the newly trammelled youth broke away for respite. Left alone, the lady subsided into dreamy irreverence for everything in



sight, until one of the East Indian princes crept near to her attractive side. He spoke in confidential monosyllables tuned to sensitive ears. She blushed, trembled, hesitated and alas! answered just to suppress the courteous idolator. Then he waxed immensely interesting, the minutes lengthened into ominous portions of an hour and still the bridegroom failed to "cometh" and the turbaned admirer continued to indirectly but certainly admire. Grieved shots of the untutored wife's eyes toward the door of the ball-room only tended to render the attentions of the



heathen more endurable and the treasured vacant chair was offered to him with a vague feeling of chagrin not unmingled with mild revenge. It all happened at once, so the reporter who was covering accidents lost the scenic alertness of the episode. The truant husband came back in one of those august moods of offended honor only fermentable under the combined influence of disturbing conscience and gin-fizz. His bride of a fortnight watched her liege's tortuous path down the perfectly straight aisle but trusted to ocular unreliabil-



ity until he sauntered up disdainfully and said, in hazy, autocratic arrogance:

"Say, missus, 'f I can't leave you till I go grosh a street to buy a cig o' paquerettes we' better quit right here, see?"

The heathen bowed to the unholy floor and glided away and the Hawaiians thumped cool pangs of regret upon their mandolins and the dance went madly on, but the honey-moon was rent asunder.

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While Mr. Rain-in-the-Face was digging his crutch in the punjab's saffron ribs and trying to smile at a Turkish houri who beamed at him through a spangled veil at the ball the "Wild West" in realistic repetition gave an historical performance of the battle of Little Big Horn, in which massacre the dulcet Mr. Face took a prominent and memorable part. The first performance of one of these open-air spectacles is about as complete as any later attempt of the same. So much is left to absolute reproduction of events and intelligent command of situation from a warrior's standpoint and the actual recollection of occurrence that rehearsals are really nothing more than thoughtful recapitulations of time, place, action and impulse tyrannizing the scene. There is less theatric and more dramatic strategy employed in the production of one of these intensely exciting sketches of the wild west than ever a great playwright can aspire to achieve; because, first of all, the "padding" is made up entirely of reasonable probabilities, and the actors are not taught but urged and inspired by a man who has lived through most of the events and by their own natural appreciation of the circumstances, culminating in just such thrilling incidents.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

One ghostly night in any of the charming hotels just outside the plaisance fills a life with memories exciting and indelible as a tiger-hunt in India. Evening fades into a night of glows and strange melodies; from over the rough pine fences echo faint songs in unknown tongues; conflicting orchestras, criers and the hunting shuffle of tired feet drowned at regular intervals by engine shrieks, steam exhausts and the electric rush of trains and trolleys, all wrestle with the incrassated air for the preferred credit of bankrupt ears. Then the distant patter of feet dies out, then the trains stop, then the criers hush, the music quits sharply as though the players were glad and alone in the gladness, songs blend into eerie hymns and the lights are blotted out suddenly. A stillness most enchanting lasts for an hour perhaps, when again lightest slumber is slowly unraveled by a stir within the alien street that is rather felt than heard at first. Sharp snatches of laughter, the stringed whispers of forbidden music, brisk and rhythmic stepping, an occasional crash of glass and smothered roystering leaps through the silence. Then again the noises stop in drips and sighs and the whole voisinage is deathly quiet; even pleasant dreams seem to interrupt the voiceless lullaby of peace and summer solitude.

Just as things seem too delightfully gone for anything short of cloud-life, something horribly startling rends the atmosphere in obliterating rips. Hagenbeck's lions wake up with definite convictions about



meat due and tardy. They begin in a low minor to remind slothful keepers that it is lunch time and, after gathering force and ending in deafening roars, a dulcet fifty monkeys join in the adagio, flocks of parrots querulously suggest that the household had better put up or shut up and a sympathetic ten canines and other growlers enter into the enthusiastic chorus for whatever is probable at that witching hour. The thundering cataract of vocalism stuns even wild imagination for awhile. Nothing so thrilling, teeming with suggestion of adventure, danger and pleasurable strangeness could be imagined. The great lions are in the main to blame for the racket and so unusual a chance to shiver adlib without any real threat is one of the features of a night at a World's Fair hostelry near the Midway.



Down farther the horses, Indians, mules and buffalo of "The Wild West" afford a similar excitement and consequently a delay at eventide and refuge near for the night is not without relatable experience.

One night last week I was belated, missed the last



special train, and invaded the prettiest hotel room out of a dozen tendered for inspection. At 3 o'clock in the morning a party of cheerful inebriates came rolling by and chose the inopportune situation of a halt immediately under the shadow of the lion's den for a prolonged alcoholic cheer and bibulous "tiger." In less time than it might have taken their salubrious shout to reach the bottomless pit a response so terrific arose from the depths of the hazy nowhere that for an instant the party was sobered to a man. Then gradually the vicinity began to dawn upon their befogged intellects and the shout was repeated with choice additions in demoniac yelps for convivial acknowledgment of the jubilant and friendly condition of the outside participants in the cantata. Sentries started out of their shadowy protective bunks, keepers whipped out of bed in quaking alarm, the entire neighborhood was alive and trembling and the fearful exchange of beastly courtesies flooded the night with inexplicable horror.

A rattling but not unwelcome blue chariot, manned with three sturdy club-decorated coppers, drove into the midst of the joyous throng and hustled them in the wagon before a fitting adieu could be warbled to their more dignified and not much noisier acquaintances within the high board fence confines. It was a long time before the lions and leopards could forgive this intrusion upon their prerogative to tatter the frondescent hours with frightful vocal rampage. Nothing but gore, beefy and dripping, could be offered in explanation to the several kings of the forest, and the argumentative temper of all the rest of the happy family demanded either a soothing portion or a pick-ax in the middle of the offended night.



The terminal station is a busy, besieged and infested palace these uncertain days. The beautiful apartments set aside for ladies are crowded all day long and until the last train leaves at night. The rooms are so exceedingly tasteful, the attendance so refined and comforting and the means of perfect rest so amiably devised that there seems nothing half so kindly in the whole scheme of public comfort.

A lovely woman, who bubbles over with sweet nature and pretty thoughtfulness, seized me in one of my most unendurable moods of hopelessness and dragged me to the dainty counter where the pretty girls and hostess spread souvenir temptations, delicate hints of luxury and carved nothings so alluring to visitors. "What you really want and what I shall give you with all my truest good wishes is a Columbian cat's-eye."

This, with a direction to produce the feline ocular, rather dazed me. Why and when Columbus ever had a cat or whether he and Whittington had been mixed in the shuffle, how the cat came back anyhow, all beat at the window of my treacherous memory while the stately girl behind the counter glided around looking for a cushion of cat's-eye pins in the bouquet of acceptable remembrances. I selected one of the least ferocious in the flock and donned it, expecting to be immediately translated to the peristyle or hear of an inherited fortune for me and mine.

I never had such a persistent streak of heinous luck in my life as pursued me for the twelve hours following my prostration at the shrine of the Columbian cat's-eye. I was pinched to a pulp by the Bohemian procession, lost the tire of my bicycle and ran into a grip-car loaded for State street b'ar and napping driv-



ers, sprained my ankle, met Train in the Dahomey quarter, missed the Thomas resignation and the women's adjournment. Still, the tide of cat's-eye fortune is in the hazy distance. At least there is a lull in the rush of calamity and I can attribute the diminuendo to the charm. People send from afar to secure mementoes of the great Exposition. Some have a mania for the collection of souvenirs; anything from advertising cards to silver coin is treasured jealously. Many of the tokens are exceedingly neat; devices in aluminium, silver, velvet and glass are obtainable, and the pretty books, pamphlets and pictures make an interesting album of recollections. The cat's-eye pin is the latest and most useful addition to the souvenirs, and ladies resting in the hospitable corner of the terminal seize upon the novelty as a quaint and original present for those who may not be happy enough to even hope to see the beautiful wonder town.

All the trains steam into the terminal station now. There is a busy check-room and a wise bureau of information, where anything pertaining to the Fair can be elicited in any language. It is a marvelous thing to hear these polite mints of language and knowledge direct wandering eyes and feet aright. Just the shortest and least expensive way to every sight in the grounds is definitely pointed out and in the tongue preferred by the interrogator. What with the polyglot bureau and the twenty-four clocks from twenty-four chimes the rotunda of the station is as cosmopolitan as the Midway.

Sandow, the beautiful Teuton Sampson, opened my office door the other day and stood there smiling at my back while I beat listlessly upon an unresponsive



type-writer, oblivious of his presence. So many drop in and leave a warning of concession troubles or anticipation that unless an entrance is especially rash the visitor is left to entertain the thrifty atmosphere for awhile. The strong man did not speak and did not hit, but a pale wraith in a dove-like summer suit stepped to my side and I perceived his companion and manager. In a minute the pavilion was swarming with admiring reporters who could not lift a coal-scuttle to save their jobs. They were questioning the handsome giant, running their inky fingers over his mammoth shoulders, clutching his hands and admiring his wonderful arms. Sandow amiably gave a pleasant clothed exhibition of his thews and sinews and the reporters gaped and bowed down in the figurative dust at the sight of his development. One brawny young pencil-pusher rebelled at the deserved idolatry of Mr. Sandow. "Great people, isn't he? Well, just the same I'd like to see him try to cover a 4-11 fire." Out of this cabinet of brain-fuel, scoop-infusion and paste, the strong man went for a stroll through the wooded island. He is simple and joyful as a little boy, and the flowers there delighted him. First because they are so lovely and more because they are so old-fashioned and foreign they reminded him of childhood and kindred lost chords. He talked breezily in his quaint, lisping English, and from a stock of snapdragon tapping against his coat sleeve he snipped one tiny cup and said: "Now, when we were little in Germany, we took these blossoms and pressed them so, and if the flower mouth opened why that was a sign they were calling us at home." He delicately touched the tinted calyx and its rosy lips parted in a perfumed smile.



At the same time a guard's face opened and blundered, as Columbian guards invariably do.

"Drop dat flower quick, dere, you feller," said the guardian of roses and dew, grabbing Sandow by the arm and making an ineffectual haul at his elbow. Sandow is courtesy and discipline personified, but he had never been to the Fair, had not heard of the august guard, did not appreciate the uniform and so he bent his knotty elbow and lifted the surprised blue angel off his feet to the other side of the walk and then returned the compliment of arm seizure, scaring the upset guard out of a year's bluff. Sandow still smiled, held the fairy fragment of the flower and quietly lectured the crushed White City infliction until the office of the corded individual was explained to him. Then he let the guard go, but still persisted in German expletives to deplore the dependence of guests upon that sort of guardianship. "Nice, well-bred dogs might be more serviceable," suggested Sandow.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

In the terminal station there are wondrous clocks, twenty-four of them, and when the seething inquiry as to kindred hours racks restless brains it must be a tremendous relief to rush into the white-arched rotunda and exactly glean the passing moment as it tolls out in Japan; whether in New Jerusalem the civilians are eating lunch or excitedly selling the early-morning suspender, and when the palpitating necessity of knowing just what time it is in Yokahama or Timbuctoo whirls through the mind of the anxious transient—why, there are the two dozen smiling chronometers to guarantee the correct information. The smooth, polished floors are tempting as a ball-room and long, clear galleries and halls suggest the pleasant possibility of a railroad-station dance.

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A startling pair of gaitered feet and hollow legs have suddenly appeared to proclaim an imminent remembrance of Mr. George Washington, who, until Columbus was so vehemently discovered by America, held something of a place in the hearts of his countrymen. These fearful legs are full of knotty calves and knees and buttons and things and shut out the light from the east entrance of the administration building. It is sublimely intimidating to run amuck of such colossal crural invectiveness as the sculptor is plastering into Mr. Washington's prospective statue. If everything about him is to take such strenuous measures to be seen and heard the father will scare all the allegories



from the peristyle when his eyes and familiar nose arrive. I hope the statue will not be Mr. Washington; the chances are it will be another Christopher after all.

George is a hopeless Jonah. In theatrical circles he is tabooed as a cross-eyed super or peacock's feather. No play in which he has ever figured has been known to succeed; a drop-curtain representing our daring cruiser crossing the Delaware is set down as an advance knell of doom, and even tableaux with a vivand Martha or her illustrious spouse in starched effulgence have been quoted for ages as a certain signal for wrecked fortunes and unexpected financial dissolution. Just what awful calamity may await the administration rotunda with the heels of this sainted hoodoo planted within its favorite portal can not be conjectured. It may be a collapse of the dome, it may be a reduction of Handy's salary, or it may be neither of these destructions but another national-commission gathering. However, that something portentous is sure to culminate in strife after unveiling of the "first-in-war-first-in-peace-etc." hero of history is quite the expected and dreadful climax to this threatening expression of tardy recognition and staff politeness to George Washington—if it is George. They have promised us a Washington. The hatchet episode has by general request been suppressed in this close shave to honors, and nothing but the most tremendously gallant daring and ferocity will glitter in the resplendent eye of plastered Washington. The pose will be one of magnificent statuesqueness, representing him in an ambitious perfection of maturer years, when he had learned more about the efficacy of evasiveness than he knew at the cherry-



tree period of his luminous career. The initial suggestion regarding the Washington statue was that it might picture the lovely but deluded youth armed with a chaste hatchet, a delirious blaze of confession, some reckless truth and the spliced fruit tree of legendary reverence, with "I can not tell a lie" in bas-relievo. But the approximate bureaus, pavilion "C" and other sensitive plants in the building, could not see how the sentence might be wrought bas enough to be construed into commemoration only, so to avoid objectionable application and inference a wiser moment in the record of our patriot was chosen.

There is an irate hymenopterist, some bruised citizens and an entire express company night shift stung to the quick by hearty though coerced assistance in the frolicsome interest of the honey-bee culture. A kindly old gentleman from Sedley, Ind., whose apiary is celebrated in the land of pawpaws and ginseng, also in contiguous territories, came to Chicago with a beautiful collection of bees in working order and sugared cells. The exhibit was to be tenderly viewed by the school board and a set of pleasant lectures upon the sweet industry had been planned and offered the educational committees by the anthophila devotee from Sedley.

Precautions to render accident to his treasured outfit were rife at the express office up to so late an hour that the agent had retired with instructions to the force for the evening that the hives must upon no account be taken out of the shipping office or treated as other "on-hand" stuff, as the owner wished to remove them himself. After a dusty but beatific journey to the Fair the emulator of Linnæus dreamily plodded into the



express office to secure his bees. But the ways of express companies are various and torturing and a wild-eyed attendant of starry hours refused to give up the winged jewels without some special requisition from the agent. Misunderstandings grew as the controversy waxed scientific, and finally a compromise was reached in the surrender of the agent's private address.

It was very late but nothing daunted the enthusiastic worshiper of mellifera started in quest of that well-meaning but absent guardian of baggage. The bees stood in plate glass cases of delicate but secure construction, so arranged that the entire process of honey-making was plainly visible. The night watch sat sleepily gazing at the busy little workers, who were restless in the strange surroundings and refused to go to sleep without a floral night cap or something indistinguishable in the garish splutter of one somnolent light furnished the guard. In a cheerful moment of abandon to the witcheries of 11 P. M. the watchman dozed into comparative peace, incidentally lifting his rawhide brogans to the comfortable elevation afforded by the nearest bee-hive. In about three seconds his moonlit dreams were changed to a demoniac succession of horrors. He thought, primarily, that he was Paderewski and had fallen into the electric fountain head first. Then a fiendish lightning change of horoscopes seized him in such dramatic fervor that he made a frantic lunge to extricate himself from his own hallucinations. Alas! alas! he was stuck on the sweetest thing that had ever entered the office, and the outraged dwellers therein were swarming in hysterical droves about his swelling head and tightening collar. He shrieked until the engineers thought some-



body was fooling with the roundhouse, and finally drew a solid column of impromptu sympathizers from the neighborhood, who came loaded with buckshot and solemn advice.

Somebody dusky from the sunny south knew just what to do and flew across the street for implements of bee subjugation and returned with all of the availables in the envioning ward, armed with everything from tin pans and kettles to blue mosquito-netting and boxing gloves. With a brace of lynx-eyed officers to give cognizance to the riot they began to do what seemed perhaps the only thing which might save the unhappy life of this express employe, who had put his feet clear through a fragile hive. Just as the bee war had taken upon itself the alarming appearance of a wake in walked the genial resident of Sedley, beaming with happiness and waving an order for his beloved possessions. It took him about the eighth of a second to diagnose the situation, and then with a withering war-whoop he dashed into the agitated crowd like a Valparaiso cyclone. Indiana had the floor and in the mad course of his gyrations not only the floor, but choice portions of the ceiling and pan battering assembly. When this honeyed exchange of courtesies came to a pensive cessation the express office looked as if the wild west had settled a camp difficulty within bonded walls. The next time any follower of Huber with casks of enraged stings attempts to take advantage of the humble rights of this particular transportation agency he will be instantly requested to hold his scrapping-bee somewhere else. In the meantime culture of the *apis mellifica* is short on queens and feels retributive.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

The Columbian guard held the latch-strings of the administration all morning with agitated and gloved fingers.

A breakfast of fairy elegance awaited the princess under the golden dome, but her Castilian instep touched the flower-strewn rotunda a trifle behind the time appointed.

Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer arrived first in a splendid coach lined with tiger skins and drawn by four dark-brown horses. Mrs. Palmer wore a bronze vert ombre satin demi-train dress with chic Columbus sleeves and a pretty little Paris bonnet of jet and dead grasses. Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Chatfield-Taylor wheeled up to the gates in roller chairs, much to the edification of the admiring thousands forbidden entrance.

Mrs. Taylor wore a coaching dress of light tan broadcloth with purple silk revers. Her hat was a half Mary Stuart, which shaded her face and blew sidewise with undignified persistence. All the guests of the royal party were in holiday mood and the charming Infanta herself was a volume of infectious smiles. The Chicago band, stationed in the administration building, played American and Spanish marches. Horticultural exhibits from every clime were plundered to decorate the building, and early as 10 o'clock boys with huge baskets full of pansies stood waiting at the west door.

The princess is fair, pink-and-white skinned, and bonny as an Iowa girl. She is simple and happy in demeanor and accepted the unpretentious reception with perfect republicanism. She wore a robin's-egg-



blue organdie frock, shirred yoke and sleeves, bound with strips of ruby velvet. Her hat a lace straw and crushed roses of the same shade as dress trimmings. Long gloves, very little jewelry and a filmy handkerchief completed the noticeable items of the pretty lady's toilet.

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The Midway plaisance seems to be a magnet of deepest and most lasting significance. It is the one quarter most talked about and investigated in the whole Exposition. There is a spice of adventure, something rakish and modestly questionable about this legalized harlequinade of other people's habits. There is an unspoken notion prevalent that exquisitely wicked things are uncloaked under the arc lights of the Turkish theater and that Dahomey teems with savage awfulness quite too utterly shocking, all sanctioned by the law of the land and the lights of the century. Girls blush a little, not very much, and pellucid grangers hitch up their trousers and act devilish when mentioning a prospective tour through this licensed street of preferred iniquity. Matrons don't know about it and hesitate, while the *fin de globe* belle gives explicit directions, advice and approval of everything, from the *dance du ventre* to the Koot-hoomi Ramlal who has unfurled his banner of palmistry and occult revelations in the tented fold of Araby.

This street is the highway of surprise. Where most prepared for embarrassing occurrence nothing satisfies the unhealthy curiosity. When least prepared something audacious nearly stops respiration. The only visitors who are not entirely carried away with the sights of this congress of nations are people from the



stage. It is a study so interesting from a professional point of view that any uncouth features are scarcely counted. It is a panorama of "makeups," from Blarney castle to the Ferris wheel. Actors have all worn the picturesque duplicates of Moorish garbs and Algerian peasant dresses; they have daubed their faces with ochre and madder till the deep tan of the stage Egyptian has been a reproduction of the faces in Cairo; they have been wrapped in the smothering furs of Lapland or languished in spangled trousers of the harem. Othellos, Kokos, Aladdins, Mohicans, Kephrons, sultans, Cossacks, Turks and Bedouins are only so many friends of the footlights brought into vivid perfection by reality.

Neither the textures of raiment nor its fashion has anything of wonder in it for the actor. Every actress of experience has worn the pretty frocks and spoken the musical brogue of the spinning colleens in Donegal castle. She has coquetted in the veils of Indian princesses and groaned as the African slave. The customs of most nations form a part of the study for stage representation, and all this Midway plaisance is simply behind-the-scenes familiarity and proof of accurate information and character-appreciation already a part of the trade they follow. One lovely woman who dances steps as venturesome as Haidee and wild as a dervish was considerably bored by a tramp through the mazes of peoples, each her own by right of stage imitation. She faltered a little at the door of the mosque, where a muezzin orated vacuously. "Awful lot of shop about it all, isn't there?" she said. "Very much 'Fatinitza' and 'Trip to Africa.' Let's go to the forestry and see nature. This is like a theater."





At last people seem to be here absolutely for the express purpose of enjoyment. Earlier in the season visitors at the Fair were a trifle shy, very much overdressed and very much intrenched within a quiet, uncomfortable dignity. The somnambulistic guard was seldom wakened from his august trance by any other than voices cloyed with courteous trepidation; ladies wore dainty costumes, long gloves, high-heeled boots, piquant coiffures and expectant radiance; exhibits were studied with scholastic formality, while deep-dyed calculations upon improvement, hopes in the influence upon posterity and imitative pedagogic seriousness, took all the life out of sight-seeing.

Now "Hi there!" is good enough for any guard; girls, women, men and the indispensable small boy rush blithely through buildings and displays with reckless joyousness. Everybody talks to everybody else, ladies wear big shoes, loose waists, short skirts and forget entirely about helpless crimps, dampened ruches, powderless faces and crayoned hands. Gay little im-



promptu parties are made up for a row on the lagoon or a stroll through the plaisance. Sometimes at night, when most guests of the Fair are very tired, generous groups collect on the steps of the gondola wharfs or near the wooded island and one singer is sure to be



among the loungers. A hymn intoned or fragment of a college glee introduces all the listeners to all the singers and an infinitely enjoyable hour immediately results. A badge, the clasp of a society-initiated hand, a recognizable dialect and, above all, the unity of purpose are warrant enough for friendships, and the sym-



pathetic heartiness of surprise and satisfaction obtains at that one touch of nature which makes the whole world akin.

Oppressive weather links feminine sentiment more than kindred taste or joint pursuits. If one torrid maiden hints of a parched throat every girl within hearing instantly thirsts. If some baked lady utters an iced-coffee yearn every woman in a phalanx of twenty will hustle for soda fountains. Let some pretty girl ramble through the galleries bareheaded and before she has half cooled her fretted eyebrows dozens of belles are swinging their hats, pushing back rebellious curls and unfurling tiresome braids. This wholesome informality renders the feminine contingent endurable to each other and adorable to the other sex. There is a sort of familiar "have-one-with-me" color in the situation which bespeaks partial emancipation to the derided and misconstrued gentleman of convivial preference.

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The lagoon, rhododendron forests, the canopied verdure of die graben and dark Vienna moats, nooks overlooked by pale strips of moonlight, the snow-tipped heights of painted Switzerland and all the inspiring silences, echoing melodies and restful temptations have transformed Jackson park into a promissory matrimonial mart of alarming extent. Pairs of hearts go thumping around with a wild ambition to beat as one and Columbian affinities never seem to meet with the usual turnpike difficulties attributed to the half-mile course of too true love. Lovers are immensely lucky out here. Of course the crowds are tantalizing and the search-lights unpardonably abominable; but



adoring swains can depend upon the fetching brass band, colored fountains, columns of fire and other abominations of Eros to exercise a scattering influence upon gathering multitudes, and confiding angles, drooping lindens, veiled sweeps of perfume from alyssum fields impress souls blinded by the agitating battery of a single thought. The tender consciousness that life is sweetened by the star-shine of trustful eyes, tan shoes that do not pinch, elimination of "After the Ball" from the band programme, and hope that return tickets will be good till used blow billowy tides of assurance over the lover's temporary elysium. Incidentally the moon-eyed way in which some of these stricken cherubs wipe out cognizance of thoughtless electric lights and inflammable livers is next to fatal for the slighted majority which is neither chased by the winged archer nor doing any particular chasing on its own benighted account. Matches will probably be made in heaven this summer at the old stand—no other agency has ever disputed the right of assuming so colossal a responsibility—but the Exposition is dangerously near assisting in the calamitous undertaking.

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Delilah in the guise of the learned council of administration has toyed with the invincible pompadour of James Corbett and "trun" the beautiful giant not only over the ropes but under the tent. Sandwiched between the *danse du ventre* and the delectable Algerian tortures, the gentle bruiser's vaudeville shocked beyond forgiveness by its fifteen minutes of athletic sport and five or less of uncertain vocalism. The ingenuous lights of regulations approve of the exposition of customs belonging to all nations except the



United States. Addled variety shows and theatrical pugilism are indigenous to the reputed civilization of America and why it should not be exploited in line with Turkish odah gyrations, Egyptian sorcery, African nudity and French rhodomontades is visible only to the strabismic mental eye of the revered council. The celebration of the fall of Gentleman Jack extends outside the grounds as far as the O'Brien and Powers aldermanic theater. The jubilate of "drag" brays wafted over the fence is mighty enough to be mistaken for Tammany escaped.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

A knowledgeable youth of fourteen summers came in from Switchback junction with two days and \$2 to spend at the Fair. He browsed around inquiringly alone and last night couldn't think of anything free which he had missed, from Krupp gun to the brick ship. But he was a grievously tired voyager as he crept down under the long eerie shadows of the peristyle and listened to the chimes throb out angel melodies to the western sun. He stretched himself upon the deserted granite beach, wondered a feeble moment longer, and then fell asleep while the great bells clanged "As Pants the Hart for Cooling Streams." He had heard the tune in forced hours of chapel attendance and it had always appealed to him more than any other Sunday infliction, because the days he was dragged starched to church were always the best swimming days of the summer, so he accepted the hymn as a personal rebuke.

The sun faded behind spires and domes, the bells stopped ringing, the jaunty caravels rocked peacefully, the viking awoke with saucy blinks of light among its limp gray sails. Trembling stars shot scared glances at the scudding clouds and the lake stretched out from curving sky to silver shore a blue and feathery banquet of content, while a stir of sultry air, laden with unuttered melody, sprung into the tender hush.

Siddons Mowbray painted "The Evening Breeze." He embosomed a sigh of flowers in the train of floating virgins—virgins pink and smiling as stolen rose-



leaves—and he bowed the heads of weeping violets, rich grain and silent birds, while through the haze of opalescent air he filtered silver notes from whispering lutes and faint-tongued mandolins. The picture is so filmy, translucent and angel-touched, it looks as though the canvas might evaporate. It hangs over in the American section of the art palace. The sleepy, sweltering boy on the sands was not aware of that pleasant fact, still to his dreamless slumber came just that latticed glimpse of peace and harmony breathed in the picture by a poet painter. The boy awoke drowsily, dug his hot sandy hands in his eyes, thought of the hart and cooling streams, looked out at the coaxing lake, up at the naked, comfortable stalwarts on the colonnade, then arose with a rare glow of inspiration on his boyish, eager face and said valiantly: "Gol durned ef I don't take a swim."

The arc lights had not yet broken into jets of fire around the basin; it was half-dark everywhere and nobody attentive in sight. A kindly Ionic column nearest the water invited the alert eye of the venturesome youth from Switchback, and in a second he had rolled his tweed coat roundabout in a secure knot over the less roomy articles of apparel and deposited the bundle in the cunning treasury of classic shadows. Down to the lake's edge, swift as a frightened gull, he sped, and into the cool water he ducked like a Kankakee catfish. He hadn't been floundering about there for more than two minutes when all the court-of-honor burst into a charm-string of electric jewels. Blazing detectives eyed him from a thousand nearer globes, and his muscular, tanned-satin back shivered with fearful presentiments. To top off his seizure of ma-



larial anticipation a straggling guard resumed duty and espied the tweed bundle, peered at it suspiciously and trudged away with it under his azure and gilded elbow. The vanishing tweeds, et. al., roused tumults of excited resolves, decisions, palpitations and chain-lightning prophecies in the panic-hurdled brain of the Indiana bather, and just as he had concluded in a *dum spiro, spero* revive to drown or swim to Miller's station, another guardian of virtue and true World's Fair inwardness shouted, in volcanic tones: "What the — are you at? Come out o' there before I go to you."

With impulsive desperation the boy dived out of sight and waited for the guard till water-logged to indifference; then he climbed up the slimy sides of the pier. Tearfully he related the history of his toilet so analogous to the refreshing statues about him and the audacious four feet of human nudity appalled a vigorously protesting crowd which seemed to charitably convene from the four corners of the Fair grounds. The only way out of the dilemma was to call the patrol and plant the cleanly son of ginseng under casual surveillance instead of public inspection. He was wrapped in the soothing folds of a rubber blanket and delivered to his bundle in a wiser though much more rattled mood than when he parted from his wardrobe and peace. Advice, severe reprimand, some stray quarters and an outside show ticket filled out the measure of his sacrifice to justice and he lives to tell of the escapade with unblotted escutcheon.

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There is a speechless plaid suit and one wilted shirt front in ghostly attendance upon all congres-



sional sessions held by the lady managers. These distressed masculine habiliments identify the mutilated remains of the parliamentarian of women's meetings at the Fair. He is a silent and whispering factor and in the inevitable simoon of emotion which sweeps the floor or ceiling of the convention hall every thirty minutes during debate the unhappy parliamentary reference is downed with marquis of Queensberry exactness. He bubbles over with precedents, rubrics and codes, but his stultified vocalism rarely peals above the gavel or garrulous order demolisher. No possible bulwark of law could anticipate the vaults into hysterical suppositions sure to be attempted by these interesting advance guards of indignation and national regret.

Raw beef lunch time at Hagenbeck's is serenity idealized in comparison to an hour of dispute among the amiable lady managers. There is a legal contralto from Idaho and a C in alt soprano kicker from Texas, a resonant chorus from Kentucky, and "Mizzoura" is right in the thorough bass motif with both feet. The symphonic reserve is explosive and contrapuntal and when the whole clash of contradictory harmonies collides with court provision the parliamentarian is reduced to that abject untowardness of whither from which instantaneous and wholesale tracheotomy appears to be the only certain delivery. Retribution lowers over his nightmare of historical interferences. Records huge and verbose are treasured to go down in the archives of American achievements. This relentless literary inhumanity to a student of courtly ethics is incentive to incendiary mania and the strain is gradually telling not only upon the referee's cuffs and neckties but his unruffled temper and uncreased trouser



legs. He dreams of beautiful sirens with a million tongues and whipped cream ideas, double-woof objections and crocheted accusations. He writhes in memory of the latest complaint from "we all" in the languorous clime of alligators and stifles slaughterous recollections of the exciting wine-tantrum into which Kate Field's jury appointment threw the whole voting forty. There may be a spot on this green and polished earth where the parliamentarian can obliterate shrieking "ayes" followed by sensational "noes" from the self-same throats, but at present his pillows are full of conflicting echoes and days come on with savage doubts and strange expectations. What he really lives to promulgate is suffrage in its most hypocarpogean extension. Something of the pungent ecstasy doled out to him in this law-abiding congress of intellect and comeliness he hopes to divide about in sections most advocating franchise gallant and universal. The parliamentarian of the women's commission will issue a medal to himself, whether the board ever forgets to remember him or not. Nobody but the favored gentleman himself knows just how richly he deserves a shining reward.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

One benighted eventide of my most leguminous salad days I burst into tragic verse. There must have been no end of gloom and sodden depression in the epic from post to wire, but I remember only four dislocated lines of the ebullition, impressed upon my faithless memory by an explosion of exceedingly equine laughter from the capacious lung of a younger and wholly irresponsible brother whom I derided and condemned on principle and worshiped in colossal secret. The lines I do not recall must have been dynamic, for those which elicited the brotherly ecstasy were—

Blot out the moon; blind every star to-night;  
From nature's pity hide my shrunken soul!

not forgetting

O Darkness fold around my naked heart  
Whirlpools of shadow like a tender pall.

The unsympathetic reminder of difficulties likely to attend an unpremeditated folding of "whirlpools of shadows" crushed my budding muse into radish-toned regrets. There is nothing so perfectly embittering to poetry as sardonic and unsolicited merriment.

When I idly wander through the great, solemn art galleries, throbbing with heart-burnt creations, I instinctively recur to the blot-out-the-moon episode of my prismatic career. Intolerable criticism filters through the air in vacuous impertinence. If painters of the wonderful nudes in exhibit should by chance overhear some of the blasphemies uttered inconsequently under the blaze of their naked glories the



ambulance would wear out pneumatic tires chasing fainted artists. Ignorance is so much more disastrous to truth than is severity. The French section of the art marvels particularly is subject to fulsome idiocy in



praise or coarse denseness in derision. Half the world does not know what it means and praises it in saccharine plethora of senselessness; the other half broadens into a bucolic smile expansive enough to strain suspender buttons beyond recall and incites volumes of



righteous indignation among timid aimants and the learned in exquisite art. Cheret the populace insatiably connects with "Black Crook" and "Le Chate Noir," no matter how flamboyantly graceful he may shine among the classics, and Boutet de Monvel is pronounced an imitation of Kate Greenway in the same breath which condemns the appealing flesh-tints of the naturalistic school to the slums of Zola and Flaubert.

It is a study to stray through the priceless orchards of the engraver's and painter's fruits just to eavesdrop in the most honorable way and overhear casual observations upon vital points of art which consume souls too fine for any else than divinely favored mortals. The ingenuous never offend, the intentionally witty never affront, but your blase connoisseur is absolutely delirious in opinion and abnormally amusing in decision. Moreover, it is a *cause celebre* that the least informed invariably converse in the most audible voice during a ramble entwined with sacred profanities. I have "on the books" a charming letter from somebody who knows art and adores it from afar, beseeching me to "go through art." Since the very first of May I have hovered at the portals of the great palace adorning the north lagoon, but not a tremulous inspiration to venture upon suggestion, much less criticism, has enthroned my delighted judgment. The art outside, from Kemey's glorious animals to Proctor's superb Americanisms, has enthralled all the thinking world, but better learning and clearer understanding awakens in the heart for those marvelous creation-speaking worlds of sublime intensity, heavenly exception and earthly polarization of divine gifts. Safe to hope so humble a votary as I



will not "go through art" at the Fair for many months mavronne.

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Beautiful, gentle, smiling Corbett is over on the Midway, knocking spots out of a dark, acrobatic punching-bag and accumulating with vigor large abrasions of public wrath because of his appearance in the Vienna cafe instead of the Corbett theater, which was built and boomed for his especial and seductive benefit. Gradually the chronicled subjugators of Corbett begin to rise in challenging numerics with the August waiters and hackmen who erstwhile achieved honorable distinction in divers hammer-lock and grape-vine grips upon the envied carcass of Sullivan and the leisurely amateurs who caught John unawares with a whole-Nelson and swept the environing breeze with his invincible carcass. Mr. Corbett has been chased by book-makers, organ-grinders and hotel-keepers for his various alluring qualities, but never before has an irate and blustrous theatrical manager unfurled an intimidating Smith & Wesson in proximity to his faultless profile. As a matter of indisputable fact the Corbett vaudeville presents a capital entertainment. It is sanctioned by a combination of unusual merit, but if the enticing James is neither with it nor of it what availeth the snapshots of prophecy regarding eternal triumph? The sporting editor and my all too dumb-bell self have fought to a finish upon several occasions, but never, oh, never has equal ventilation fought for a chimney as in this exciting instance. The sport is down upon James in several of his most incomprehensible and vehement languages, and I—why, I am sure that Corbett is the loveliest thing that ever wore sash.



way of the heavens like the benediction of a subjugated world and died with the sweet effulgence of a virgin's smile.





AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

Music at the World's Fair has been tethered to misfortune ever since the opening chords of Paderewski's triumph bit stalactites of harmony in the frosty air of music hall. However, the programmes are now so delightfully arranged, there is such a regiment of brilliant talent waiting to serve and so pleasant an enthusiasm among the performers that nothing at the Exposition is more plenteously satisfying than Theodore Thomas' and Mr. Tomlins' efforts to entertain.

July opens with a perfect whirl of superb compositions, classic, modern and even American, which latter feature is extraordinary in America. To-day at 3 a Wagner concert with the orchestra assisted by Lloyd and George Ellsworth Holmes was one of the most delightful bills of the week. Mr. Lloyd's rendition of the "Lohengrin" story in the vorspiel and the "Meistersinger" prize song is worth a trip to the art city, and Thomas with his orchestra of 114 picked players means everything from pleasant surprise to revelation when Wagner is the inspiration. Festival hall has the Wagner concert and music hall the American compositions Thursday and Friday. Miss Priscilla White is soloist for the first national programme and Chadwick, Arthur Foote, Ethelbert Nelson, Helen Hood, Paine and MacDowell are the Americans to be honored by presentation. The Columbian chorus reserves Saturday for Gluck. "Orpheus" is to be the garden of selection, and a fine harvest is the inevitable. The Friday Ameri-



can bill introduces Foerster, Harry Shelley, Henry Schoenfeld, F. G. Gleason and Arthur Bird. The congress of musicians at memorial art institute lends especial interest to the music of the week, and the Liederkrantz of New York, which appears Wednesday, temporarily consoles us for the loss of Sousa.



The musical congress, with its splendid attendance of enlightened students and celebrities, in a measure atoned for the utter envelopment of World's Fair harmony in oblivion and classic loneliness.



Mr. Thomas has not blundered so grievously as the commissions regulating the domain of song. The music at the Fair has been exquisitely elegant, high-class and representative but the majority of people hear nothing of it and care less about beautiful harmony intoned within gloomy walls. They care for rattling, popular melody out under the blue summer sky. The few concerts granted restless visitors from the informal band-stand out of doors seemed like a jubilee, but they were so unceremoniously stopped that the robbery was keenly felt by all who could not afford the extraordinary tax of \$1—the real lovers of harmony and the youth in musical culture.

We have no school of national strength, no methods not absorbed from aliens, no standard, no national hymn which is not built upon another country's inspiration. We never will have a singer, a composer, a culture of our own unless the people can have liberal education in the great science, the sweetened art. They can not have it and support expensive orchestras; they will not receive it in the guise of dignified commodity, selfishly withheld luxury or charingly offered favors. It must flood the country, sweep over the barriers of ignorance, melt the dense air of prejudice and spread in gracious showers through the forests where genius lurks, unbidden to the feast.

American music is a farce in polyglot languages. Roped down with foreign education, purloined ideas and attributes eminently un-American. The American painter who can struggle into light wrapped in Italian veils of adolescence, German heroics or the clouds of French impressionism is a warrior worthy recognition. A musician whose gifts can shine through the



only educational advantages available and still retain the right to be called American or accomplish any advance in music of our nation is a genius to be awaited in ecstasy. He has not yet arrived.

The day and the hour have lent especial wings to publication of current music, most of it decidedly meritorious and all of it encouraging. The pending incentive to effort is the casually developed and evidently incurable Columbus habit. Everybody who aspires to tone rhapsodies has broken out in an ode to the discoverer of this lively climate. There are Columbus galops, Columbian nocturnes, Columbus fantasies and Columbus marches. Bursts of patriotic rhyme in prismatic English portray the lauded sailor in all the acts of heroism history accords him and a great many surprises not known to the untuneful masses. The lay of the moment is nautical and foam-tossed; Spain is the *leit motif* for all seething musical fevers and the voyage to America is told in more or less enthusiastic melodies of every key. Some composers have fought shy of the Columbian cyclone of harmony; others reek with pæans to the great traveler, while small luminaries among the publishers are twined with the red and yellow courtesy to Hispano and the stripes of Amerigo furling in a blaze across dozens of brass-band pieces dedicated to the only hero mentioned in the zone girding us.

The orchestras and bands belonging to Germany are the real sensations of the Fair.

They are hidden away in the delightful German resorts of the plaisance and attract thousands of music-hungry listeners. They play many charming American productions, some of the newest ones, and lend them



something not in the pieces themselves. When these capital musical organizations return, which is not to follow immediately upon the dying of the Fair, they will charm their native air with some unique suggestions of our rollicking war melody, ballads worth taking across the water and a few of the Virginia essence melancholias so sweet and so representative of the country in its simplest, truest spirit. The medley of American tunes with forty hearty Deutscher voices breaking into an inspiring chorus of—

"Orray! orray! Va br-r-ring ua yibyoolee;  
Orray! orray! Da flack va lof so fr-r-ree"

ought to have a place in the volkslieden populars of Vienna or the Hungarian remembrances of America. I wonder the American bands do not play some of the beautiful old war songs, "Tramp, Tramp" or "Weeping, Sad and Lonely," "Tenting To-Night" and all the tender chants of faithful soldiers, the trembling assurances of praying sweethearts and hopeless minors of deserted homes and tearful mothers. They are always so much more lovable when the cruel wars are good and over.

Last night the frown of a storm brooded over the lagoon and brushed the domes with touches of early midnight. Light, hysterical sobs of wind swept around turrets and through the wooded island trees, the sun went out suddenly and dark clouds glowered with little, scornful lips of white quarreling about the angry edges. Out on the lake a scurrying of tiny boats and whipping of disturbed waves signaled a squall and the water looked beautifully blue, deep and defiant under the threatening skies. There was a moment of silence and a timid shower of opal raindrops lasting only too brief



a time, and then without further warning than comes with a baby's laugh the sun leaped out in blinding whiteness, cleaving the surly air with blades of light and sending along the sapphire waters a streaming banner of gold. Then out of the sky sprung a tribute of nature which crowned all the kindnesses and condoned all the outrages weather has heaped upon the Fair. Across the heavens crept a glorious rainbow, followed by a suite of misty attendant arcs in tints of every imaginable color. It grew in vivid and exquisite shades, broadened until the firmament seemed dazzled out of vastness, then faded slowly away, taking the last dark flush of the storm in its smiling train. It was the most beautiful accident that could have happened, it blossomed in the sky like a bridal joy and the clouds forgot about the storm.

Oh, the weather! These golden days! There is a brisk tone in the air that vivifies, a gentle heat that does not prostrate, and a difference in the divisions of the day that we have managed to exist without for a few weeks. When the days have been chilly the ague set in at daybreak and persisted in frigidity until evening dews called the turn. If the thermometer played summer heat at noon the mercury stuck to that game until the moon closed it. But now the mornings are soft and cool, with clear skies, blue as the sweetest eyes I know; noon is breezy and in a blaze, evening is inviting as a chianti punch and nightfall comes in a thousand fascinations.

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Adlai Stevenson secured a pass on the Ferris wheel and proceeded to chase intangibles through ethereal vaults with *haut ton* circles which in the aggregate



paid more money and saw more mysteries than Adlai ever dreamed of in his most expensive nightmare. When the malign cog began twisting and jolting Adlai, as if he had never seen Bloomington, much less Washington, the keeper of seals broke loose in mild but emphatic Illinois appeals for release or an ice cap. The accompanying occupant of the statesman's chair was not encouraging to look upon and though charming ripples of hilarity reached the pair from other quarters in the revolving wheel nothing could equal the solemn and dyspeptic sympathy existing between Mr. Stevenson and his uninvited but tortured guest. When they reached the ground so many people seemed charmed with the trip that an amiable ambition to be on the verge of compliment swelled Mr. Stevenson and he tamely said: "Well, the view from the top was really good; don't you think so?"

\* "I don't know," faintly replied his companion in gastric distress. "I couldn't see. If the gates of heaven had been open I'd never looked in."



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

Every once in awhile out here springs into evidence the magic touch of accident. Strange lights and dusty shadows paint the plainest walls; faint colors borrow blushes from distance, and the silent marbles stir with pulses of the wind and smile in answer to stray moonbeams or the sudden unfurling of a banner's sails. Unexpected result has at every turn frosted the art-studded domes with incalculable perfection. Gray mists creeping in from the lake veil the outstretched arms of plenty in pretty softness; at night deepened reflections and subdued tints add an incomparable luster to the stately palaces, and some spirit breathing in perfumed kindliness seems to lend a wealth of glory where art and science have hardly spent a thought.

In the huge cupolas pillared in with white lie rough-thrown colors which mean little more than sufficient background in the blaze of noon, but in the evening steady rays search out these hidden roses and turn them into monster cups of wine. In the cold-storage jail volumes of angry smoke roll out from the mouth of a chimney. At dusk it crawls along mechanic's palace and by a weird chance wrestles with the regiment of welcomes expressed by lovely marble hands extending laurel wreaths. The effect through the smoke is that of slowly reaching arms and faces lifted a moment and then vanishing. Even the cobwebs and impertinent dust give to art rather than revel in the accounted thievery of neglect. Layers of fine cinders darken the outlines of the reliefs and ped-



iments, not to mar but sweeten them with mellowness. Down by La Rabida at night the tents and Spanish gables are still and unfamiliar as grave clothes. The minaret of Cairo cuts into the fleecy western sky like a warning from purgatory. So much of poetry and enchantment is caught in the meshes of this wonder town by hazard and the winsome fascination of unquestioned beauty that even those trying effects of time, dismantling atmospheres and beggaring depletions of wear, seem to other and serener beauties into the city of white loveliness.



The allegorical figures crowning the peristyle have since the opening day presented the somewhat irritating manifest of concealed insubordination. Around the necks of these mythical personages hang wooden collars, either relics of a successful and altogether infrangible crate or the yokes of nineteenth-century civilization, which pine-shingle structure the staff gentle-



men and gods sedulously regret without further influence than a certain achievement of humorous effect not intended by the designers of the colonnade. The statues peer out of these box-splinters like cows which are by a like contrivance prevented indulgence in the cheerful preference for their own milk or the beguilement of jumping rail fences. Just what hour may release the heroic sufferers from this bovine decoration has not been entered upon record, but if a committee decision or quorum is necessary ice-fettered November will warp the yokes before action meets the facial demand vehement in every statuesque visage meant to ornament the court.

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Every morning new and gracious notables in statuary appear about the grounds. In front of the transportation building there grew up in a night a superb Mexican horseman curled up in the intense vivacity possible only to a prairie rider in splendid government of a wild and fiery southern horse. The peculiar combination of Spanish-America in the characteristic Mexican rider is appealingly appropriate to the occasion. The Vacquero, with his flying serape, fringes, cumbrous saddle-leathers and picturesque hat, is redolent of Castille, and the charger is not wholly a plain steed but a revelation of heroic equestrian sculpture. It is Proctor's, and molded in that vigorous artist's most magnificent style. With the Kemeys and Proctor buffalo, puma and stalwart bulls, the bears, elk and moose, something distinctly American is awakening in the fantasia of myths and exquisite imaginings of art and artists.

Along the court-of-honor gigantic keepers pose be-



side the great horses and appear in the wake of slender-limbed animals and shaggy oxen. These guardians are wrought in a secretive way that makes the surprise of unveiling doubly emphatic. One night a group is puzzling in incompleteness; to-morrow the freshest sun greets superb additions which set a masterpiece apart in splendid equipment. The startling episode of huge arms and legs, tridents, dislocated noses, imperious but scalped heads, knee-caps and forelocks various, filling up adjacent corridors and side-tracked freight cars, has become a feature of considerable querulous interest. To humbly perch upon the leaf-decked brow of a disconnected Jupiter is the ingenuous prerogative of every doughnut-devouring provincial or wearied female from the territories. Sections of elysian potentates lie in rows along the porches and paths of every building. To stumble over a staff presentment of Cæsar or Euripides, to say nothing of Clyties and fauns in embryo, is one of the pleasant incidents of a daily search-tour. Certainly they will soon all be put up or broken up. How the surging brain of the artists can manage to plaster the right sort of things together without egregious blunders belongs to greater genius to calculate. Seems to me there would be grievous times locating the right heads with congenial trunks and proper insignia with dismembered arms, but the Humpty-Dumpty accomplishment evidently has a system more satisfactory than that hopeless one of "all the king's horses and all the king's men" and cabalistic designs on the divers members of a staff figure ready for building is a study of no inferior interest.

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To be sure there are so few evidences of law-breaking, discreditable occurrences or coarse insurrection, that the small complaints following in the great enjoyments of the sights at the Fair are puerile and infinitely stupid. What arrant peevishness it seems to raise a cry against restaurant charges or claims of extortion in service, inconveniences and limitations of privilege at the Chicago Fair. A dinner can be secured at a rate which surprises, considering the disadvantages, enormous incidental expense and difficulty besetting the caterer's peeled-potato-and-grated-horse-radish path. Emollient drinks and sufficient intoxication for the day thereof can be obtained at the usual stipend; waiters are decidedly more attentive and endurable than they are elsewhere, and food equally palatable if the garrulous wanderer may stop filling the atmosphere with words and ask information. Of course some of the hostelries are detestable. Just the same difference exists out here as in every other city, only in a vastly confined degree, for national vanity, competition and equal advantage spur each particular victual factory to extra effort in the way of excellence. In the plaisance there are dozens of comfortable nooks where a delightful meal is served at ordinary rates. Through the grounds blossom kitchens emitting fabulously appetizing odors and the genial clink of frothy glasses besets the air with pleasantness. To inaugurate gastric battles by swallowing sodden biscuits and blighted sandwiches brought from town is absurd. The gleam of astute and pious slander sparkles in several down-town hunger-assuagers. "Have your World's-Fair lunches put up here" is a subtle convey of the assurance that anything pur-



chasable in the Exposition cafes must be unspeakably inferior. There is plenty, well served, and reasonable out here.

From the cage of grand old lions on the Midway leaps a suggestion of the possible superiority of lions over the average groveling individual who is on the plaisance for sport of tobacco flavoring. We say *plaisance* down here; when we drift up town we succinctly spread lingual sails and say *plai-sance*. *Gon-do-la* is good enough for the lagoon when in the Columbian swim, but above Stony Island avenue a more tender and less Hibernian tilt is allowed the accent from which *gon-dola* resolves to purl. The lions, to return to finer subjects than the language these magnificents abhor, lie in thunderous dignity and glower on the hustling multitudes aimlessly gyrating in diaphoretic tramps through the weird street. The highest point of scorn attainable by mental prowess could not approach the superb disdain of these glorious beasts for the herd of people staring at them from the ground. Once in awhile one of them stretches out his giant claw and shows his teeth, then stalks back away from the sight of such human inferiority. Another rivets his sleepy eyes upon the clouds and curls his lips in savage contempt. Sometimes, as if the pressure of all this insignificance were too much to endure, the whole cageful burst into a roar of indignation, making the turrets shake and arresting the soulless crowd. They are beautiful and imposing, and the happy inspiration of placing them over the heads of the people aids in extending dignity and greatness to these golden-maned kings which look down in heightened anger at such small eminences as the world's money-makers and pleasure-seekers afford.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

In an outburst of pulmonic regret the educational congress has unearthed a social and mental depression in Lapland hitherto undetected by anxiously inquiring agitators. Vital interest in tallow klatches and dried-fish salons among the Soelappen sinks into pale vacuity since it is divulged that "the ladies of Lapland have not been taught Latin!"

This unhappy state of affairs among the descendants of Odin was revealed in a congenial swap of probabilities of race amelioration and literary expansion, and as soon as they can rip the fur away from their ears it is probable we may be treated to an eminently proper ventilation of a Lapland yawp-feminine. Just what so dynamic an impeachment may precipitate in the frigid and somnolent zone is scarcely conjecturable, as they may not have a thaw up there until too late for the young idea to shoot. That the oleaginous Sahmelad damsel has never known the soothing influence of Donaldson's Varronianus in all her spermaceti existence is too utterly grievous. Instead of basking in the light of the cheerful Georgic or sprinting through a couple of Tibullus cantos before skinning the early morning fish the untutored Lapland siren rolls over and snores another forty minutes in most reprehensible docility.

In a country where bargain-counter encroachments upon mentality are unknown and all the comforts of a mud-hut fireside nine snow-bound months out of twelve inspire femininity to urgent cerebral adventure it is an



ethnological shock of pertinent vehemence to learn that Sallust is foreign as the hoop-skirt question and that in the bright lexicon of shark oil there is no such a bloke as Pliny.

While these meteors of information are scintillating along the peristyle and burning into the hope of na-



tions the trotting association goes coldly on backing sure things and the winged progeny of Eolus shiver the record of a half-century of horse culture without consulting the book-makers.

While one-half of the world is in a broil over the incompetence of the other half, cats, dogs, birds, the humble bovine and expensive horse fill books with



evidences that left to his own resources man is not much more self-sustaining than less gifted animals of creation. Trained, fretted and brought to eminence in one field of endeavor, most of the best-remembered animals are reckoned by speed, alertness or mechanical sagacity, but left to the devices of the brute intelligence and instinct more correct reckoning on possibilities and fewer mistakes in guessing at necessary consequences result from horse sense than from intellectual solution.

There is one absolute requirement to the development of independent intelligence in animals, and that is initiation into their universal language of signs and sounds and an acknowledgment of their power to convey ideas and think. Horses beloved and taken into friendly association with men become as intelligible as written books. And here at the Fair some such interesting equines are stabled that a simple study of them without theories and apologies is more productive than the wail of Lapland Aryan darkness or even a learned disquisition upon the kindly supposings of Pythagoras.

The magnificent regiment of English horses came from Tattersall's to the stock pavilion of the World's Fair, and nearly all of them have seen service in India or wherever else British guns were ordered during the last decade. They are stalwart, rugged and clear-headed as philosophers. In every difficult maneuver the steady exactness of achievement seems as much a part of the horse's calculation as the rider's direction. They stand sleepily inattentive until a cue for entrance is approached; then they immediately begin to be restless as if it were uncertain whether the men of less



perfect recollection were reliable about the time to start them out or add some decoration. A great white mare, which has carried the flag through rebel lines and helped mow down Turks, Malays and moujiks in divers engagements, has utter faith in her rider's promptness and looks upon the alarm of the balance as highly uncomplimentary to England's army. Her master is a strictly sober, stolid person from Lancashire, and the horse knows the man's worth as soldier and temporary actor better than any one of the generals or the public.

Outside in rough pine barns there are dozens of the most sagacious, civilized, independent horses nature and kindly appreciation ever produced. Their owner has a natural sympathy with his horses, knows what they want and pretty nearly how they ask for it. One fine charger is a horse Gen. Miles presented Cody after the last Indian battle. It is a handsome chestnut stallion, always arrayed in silver-mounted trappings and a saddle which is the perfection of elegance and ease. This "dude" prancer is really the least interesting of a long list of serviceable equine partners in the colonel's trials and triumphs. Out in North Platte, under a branching catalpa, lies Stranger, one of the greatest frontier horses of western history, and by him is Buckskin Joe, as much a dime-novel hero as any fanciful scout of blood-thirsty record and distinguished high-way robber accomplishments. Gray Bill, the celebrated war-horse which forged through lines of Modocs and insurrectionists, led the way and showed the paths of hunted hundreds through the fastnesses of craggy mountains and sweeping plains, fought and bled like a soldier and, later, performed with the dignity of a tragic actor, is buried in New York, and a monument fitting to his



glory proclaims as much. Gray Bill was intelligent a horse as ever carried a soldier. He great "leader," a horse that would cling to him under all threats and perils, fight to reach him separated and stand by him through shower of lead or barbed arrows. In the old exhibition melodrama Gray Bill used to be called upon to show his wonderful fidelity in this rare trait. He would go loose without bridle or halter in the thickest battle with Indians and Mexicans, and when his master's head appeared in the distance he would charge his way to him, plowing through the ranks of horses like a gattling gun until he reached his side. He ran like a deer, with his head low and his ears back, as horses do in the west when they are experienced in the treachery of mountain range and mountain enemies, but the moment he came within reach of his master's neck with the horse carrying Cody he stood like a king and swung in graceful obeisance to the turns of his master's horse until the end of the race. When the colonel galloped to the side, Gray Bill always acknowledged applause by tossing his silver mane and curving his neck, the most evident consciousness of delight. Rosa Bonheur painted a picture of Gray Bill before he died. The painting is one of the most admirable works. I do not think she has ever painted a rider's portrait with any of the same successful pose most characteristic upon the best horse, and the stretch of dismal plains, the general atmosphere of preparation for a battle is distinctly western or American. The



to be here among the loans for the Fair, but I suppose it is in North Platte at the ranch.

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Any horse allowed intimate companionship with his trainer partakes more or less of the man's strongest characteristics. Old John Nelson is perhaps about the laziest, most comfort-searching veteran ever raised on the prairie and that is saying considerable, for if they do run to shiftlessness anywhere on earth it is out in the diggin's or thereabouts. Nelson had an old horse about as much like his master as a quadruped could be. His name was an abbreviation of the identifying title bestowed upon Mr. Nelson by the Chippewa Indians. There is an unforgiveable concoction of tan bark, red willow and killikinick that is smoked out on the plains, and the slumbrous Nelson was addicted to its use in excessive and salubrious quantities, so the Indians called him "Cha-sha-sha-na-po-geo," which translates awkwardly and not quite lucidly as "The man who smokes the red willow pipe." Nelson's horse fell heir to most of this haughty cognomen but was briefly designated "Old Pogey" when out on trail or in the camp. He was big, slouchy and indifferent to everything but work. He would shirk a load and hide to avoid harness and was the biggest thief ever exempt from hanging. He was an enormous feeder and made regular foraging trips about the stables to purloin luscious nubbins of corn and choice wisps of hay. Out west horses are corralled in loose droves, never stabled unless obstreperous, and are left to do pretty much as they like provided they shall not hurdle the rail fences or chew up the colts. Western men always preserve the ranch custom of treating their horses like the social



animals they are. This World's Fair army of them is never divided into inhospitable sections but all bunked together in a great shed where, Tony Escobel says, they "can kind o' talk matters over and settle things before working hours." Old Pogey used to wait until everything was still about the camp and then start out marauding and plundering the general larder. He was sly as a ferret about it and never snorted with pleasure over a dainty morsel or made any noise slipping in and out his shed. They began to miss oats from the feed box and a watch was set to detect the thief. About midnight the guardian was thunderstruck to see Old Pogey sneak in and quietly draw the board out which let down the grain. He had studied the thing out himself and a new lock and another feeder had to be provided. The guard watched the horse when the change was made and he laid back his ears, listened and looked around cautiously like a burglar afraid of discovery; then he wandered over to the hay-rack, ate all he wanted and gathered up a huge mouthful, which he carried away. Following him to learn what he would do with the extra bunch, they were rewarded by seeing the old vagabond hand it over to the horse which stood nearest him in the shed, his chum and harness mate. One night Nelson came into camp late; it was hot and he stretched himself out on the grass to sleep instead of going into the tent. Along came Pogey, browsing about for anything worth the trouble, and he stumbled over his master. The horse looked at him musingly awhile, then ambled off to the feed barn, gathered a mouthful of hay, brought it out and threw it over Nelson with something of an uncouth tenderness; then rambled to a safe distance and him-



self laid down where he could watch the sharer of many of his eccentricities and all of his astuteness.

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Jubilee is one of the exceptional horses to be seen during the Fair. He is the dangerous cheval which tears up the earth, bites the air and kicks like a sky-rocket when his vaquero tries to secure an unenviable seat in the saddle stealthily put upon him. He poked his ugly nose out of the shed at me last night as I went by and caressingly munched some ribbons on my shoulder. He seemed so very gentle that I nearly cleared the gate when they told me it was Jubilee, the bucking pony. Jubilee is one of the many discoveries of McCafferty, the race-horse man. Mac found him down on the Rio Grande near El Paso del Norte and he has been with the show ever since the year of Victoria's jubilee. When the Wild West first went to Manchester the camp was adjoining a race-track and the stalls of the splendid course were put at the disposal of the show. The ranch-bred nags had never been separated or allowed the unwelcome luxury of private apartments, except during the punishment of the sea journey, when they were too beastly sick to care for company, and here, stowed away in fine white oak stalls, alone, they immediately raised such a hue and cry against this swell loneliness that nobody in the camp could sleep, so the whole pack was ordered out in the field the next morning to stay together until evening, and, as the accommodations permitted, two horses were put in each stall. When they met there was a regular house-warming and chorus of whinnies, as much as to say: "Well, you are all here, after all. I thought I was about to be barbecued or something. Where were you, anyhow, Jim? Hello, there, Jack;



what are we going to do about it? Will they tear us asunder again, do you suppose?" and a lot of neighs and groans and sighs of suspicion.

The upper doors were swung open the next night so they could look out and see each other. And the moment it was settled in their several uncertain minds that everything was all right they greeted each other from the doors, grunted monosyllables of satisfaction, seemed to understand that there was no malice aforethought in the division of their happy family, and not a sign of fretting was heard from that time on. Jubilee rather enjoyed the anxiety of the other ponies and stood around with a sage look of quizzical ennui in his vicious eyes. But Jubilee was meant for a horse of travels and episodes. He has crossed the Atlantic twice, done the Mediterranean a couple of turns, breasted the raging billows of the North sea and dared the straits of Dover. He has kicked up his remarkable and fluctuous heels before the queen of England, the baby king of Spain, the emperor of Germany and even the pope across the water, and rolled over the sod with a cowboy on his back to the awe and astonishment of two American presidents and no end of little sprigs of royalty like princes, dukes, aldermen and mayors. White Beaver, Sitting Bull's old war-horse, is one of the honorable members of this stable fraternity. Old Charlie, one of the grandest horses the soldier-scout ever owned, died and was buried at sea. The loss of this faithful companion of historical years made a deep impression upon his owner and friend. He never quite forgot the magnificent, true old "pal," and probably no other horse can ever quite fill the pathetic emptiness the colonei feels must always lurk in a corner of his ranch and the depths of his heart.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

There will be such a profligate surfeit of solid comfort awaiting World's Fair visitors within the cycle of a dozen days that tired mortals will wander hither not to learn but to completely rest.

The bureau of public comfort has been waylaid and perverted, fretted and belated at every turn since the gates were opened. Perhaps the most pleasantly logical member of active directors in the various public departments of the Exposition is Mr. Higinbotham. That persuasive gentleman has accomplished much without a great deal of effort and polarized significant results in an unobtrusive manner which has endeared him to the small kingdom of employes and concessionaires within the guarded walls. In every instance possible he has reserved favors in consideration of the public; he is almost sympathetic in his persistent exertions in the provision for accommodation and courteous forethought in the interest of visitors to the great show. But he has considerable quiet trouble of his own in the endeavor to carry out intelligent designs in the face of unavoidable delays; the respected but unmovable working person, weather and their irrevocable obstructions which seem to skim a cream of particular delight from any thwarting of creditable intention upon the part of the World's Fair directors.

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At last there are waiting apartments for ladies so charmingly appointed that temptation to forget all the sights not visible from the retiring-room's long win-



dows enters the feminine head as soon as the comfort of it all dawns upon her. The rooms are in the terminal station, looking out upon the most soothing scenes in the grounds. They are large square parlors, carpeted in axminster, dove-shaded and elegant. A piano, reclining-chairs and low velvet couches furnish the first of the suite; curtained off is a cozy little boudoir with special protection in deference to the omnipresent fainting lady and hysterical sufferer. Women walk until they droop into partial unconsciousness and unless they have been introduced to this charming abode prepared for them by the World's Fair directors they sit around in pathetic absurdity, weeping tears of exhaustion upon empty boxes, upset statuary and unpacked exhibits. At the terminal-station parlors there is a pleasant hostess whose gentle smile and kindness would stop a baby's crying. She is assisted by two exceedingly pretty girls and their mother, who vie with each other to carry out the instructions of the commission, which cover a multitude of charitable attentions and polite interference in behalf of comfort. The ladies in charge receive salaries apparently rather extravagant, but the object is especially a delicate if expensive hospitality on the part of the Fair directors, as the attendants are of course not permitted to receive any "tip" or return for the lavish kindness they extend to visitors. Great gold-and-black screens, cunning tables, foot-stools and so many of the small luxuries that tend to lull tired nerves and brighten wearied eyes are everywhere. By this time next week the apartments will be complete.

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Glowering lines are sawing the seraphic counte-



nances of Jack Adams' chair-rolling battalions. Around the striped tents where these classic rattan-pushers congregate to debate the latest sweet thing discovered in Browning and the soonest escape from humid Dotheboys hostelrys there has arisen a dynamic threat of other, perhaps equally alluring, means of proxy pedestrianism in the report that donkey-carts and lovely dark-eyed boys would be turned loose upon the boulevarded streets of staff elysium in a week or less. The inference in substitution of donkeys and carts for students and chairs was discussed with some timid asperity by the dude brigade this morning and the agitating announcement that the boys to drive the donkeys were to be elected from the froth of Latin beauty obtainable in the dago and Chile districts, dressed in vaquero hats, torador trousers and gypsy sashes, showered with sequin decorations, gold fringe and enticing ribbons, nearly knocked the Greek roots out of Mr. Adams' hustling but esthetic army. The gentle murmur of enlightenment always emanating from the chair escort will be grievously missed; the ball-room suavity with which the gray-uniformed student tucked the cold and clammy rubber blanket about a pretty woman's feet or in an altogether superior manner explained heathen inscriptions, anthropological mysteries or mythical legends can never, oh, never be achieved by the untutored slave of the donkey cart. It is quite the most utter shock that has reached these engaging sprinters in the race for combined brain stimulation and incipient curvature of the spine. There will be no horrid, rude broil about it, of course, but on the temporary campus it is whispered with lady-like repression that the donkeys and students will be sure to have disagreements



and the chairs will roll into the carts whenever opportunity and safety obtain.

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In the night's tenderest silences a world of golden speech shimmers from the walls of the art building. Great, haunting eyes flooded with soul look out into the realm of darkness; hands that holy genius has given pitiful sentiment reach appealingly through the half-lit air. All that is there is freighted with emotion and expression, attuned to immediate suggestion and a fiery intonation that is more powerful than tragic poetry, more sweet than autumn songs, more searching than the oracles of scripture and more babbling than the airy tongues of children. The language there is the spirit touch of silence, the melody of hushed utterance, inspiration and deduction. Lovely arms of tinted flesh twine around a listening heart, pictures speak in silvered tones without a word save deep-drawn looks, hinted sighs and abandonment to passionate expression. It is the language of all earth, the tongue of divine understanding, a lilt of speechless harmony which catches gleams of intelligence from the shadows and softened lights. No mighty orators of history could tell a nation's story as some of these poetic stretches of canvas may. In a silence full of eloquence these wonder people of genius tear aside veils, expose injustice, jest, or weep, or cry for mercy, stir eager pulses with enthusiasm, light firebrands of patriotism, sift powdered jewels upon sentiment and speak without words to trembling souls heavy with secret questionings or wounded chastity. There is no sermon like the wordless index wrapt in a painter's art. And at night when all else is still, these beautiful imaginings and



presentments tell to each other that which hearts read when they are true enough, and souls know in gentlest communion with divine apparitions.

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Charity begins at home when that rare virtue is doing business at the old stand and an arch upon the hygiene building ingenuously extols the appropriateness of that sort of beginning. The somewhat astonishing accumulation of alphabet upon inscriptions ornamenting the department of health and happiness bids the lurking spirits of Worcester and Webster purchase dominoes of consolation. "Charrities and corections" reads one announcement in eight-inch letters of staff. In newspapers orthography is of necessity and by apology allowed miraculous liberty; there is hurry and inefficiency, oversight and mechanical incompetence; but at a great Fair with education waving banners in the face of ignorance two r's in charity and one in correction planted upon a typical structure in classic emblazonry is rather to be deplored.

The charming Irish village says with exquisite Irish simplicity on muslin in black paint: "Irish exhibit, works of art and history recently delayed by wet weather." Very interesting is this little colony of Celtic cottages. There are pretty girls and cleanly tables, white-curtained beds and dainty floors. And there is a piper, please heaven, who boasts the name of Patsy Brannigan, no less; and how he can play "The Connaught Man's Rambles," "Larry O'Gaff" and "Paudeen O'Rafferty!" Well, if art and history have been a bit put out by wet weather, the pipes are all right and Patsy is a star-boarder in musical circles on the plaisance.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR

Eclipsed by blinding tears and subdued under the hovering clouds of sudden grief, the World's Fair scarcely seems her beautiful self. The crowns of golden light peer out in crescents almost timid, music sounds irreverent and bells toll in muffled kindliness sweet harmonies attuned to sorrow more than celebration. The golden eyes of The Republic stare fixedly at that one haunted corner of her kingdom where nearly twenty men found fearful molten graves of honor.

"And she as one who climbs a peak  
O'er land and main and sees a great black cloud  
Drag inward from the deep a wall of night,  
Blot out the slope of sea from verge to shore.  
And suck the blinding splendor from the sand,  
And quenching lake by lake and tarn by tarn  
Expunge the world; so fared she gazing there;  
So blackened all her world."

Away out upon the water songs and melody of laughter creep through the air with something like a shock; down among the gaudy costumed orients on the plaisance smiles, forgetfulness and hearty happiness dispel the gloom. But near the smoldering catafalque a hush of nervous dread, a pensive tendance upon memories fresh with horror, hangs over all the place, and footsteps cautious, eyes aghast and voices keyed in softened minors shiver through the crowds. A month and more must wreath verdure over the charred monument before the saddened atmosphere is quite shorn of depression; now, in spite of the efforts



to clear away the too appealing memory of the sacrifice,

"Worn Sorrow sits by the moaning wave.  
Beside her are laid  
Her mattock and spade  
For she hath half delved her own deep grave."

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In the administration building a mirage of sodden desuetude, interspersed with considerable unassuaged appetite for supper, glowered over that hallowed journalistic "scoop" foundry, the least harmful of anything in the line shimmering within pavilion "C." It was Saturday evening and several souls with very few thoughts to spare pondered over the restaurant delusion and the general unwhitherness of the when-do-I-get-it rebate. As the last mystic rays of summer sun wallowed in the crinkled pansy-beds and exhorted the mint-julep pediments of the transportation gate to lie low and give the gorgeous dying day one more chance for its lathered alley, something memorable and kindly happened which has put the cooking-school question on a level with vital statistics and theosophy. A face starred with comely dimples, carmine evidences of frequent oven inspection, a beaming one-of-butter-two-of-egg smile, and a daintily covered plate of unknown but exciting quantity thrilled the doorway for a seraphic instant while the entire force arose with trembling hands laid upon their hearts and hungry optics glued to the linen-covered mystery held by the apparition. This angel, with a wholesome perfume of jumbles and vanilla extract pervading her airy draperies, was an expert cook whose name sent whirls of anticipation through the news-gatherers who had sat spellbound under her thrifty table-talk eloquence and



the electric beat of her favored batter, which aided and abetted indigestible procreation in the culinary exhibit. She is one of the most successful cooks among all the cake-bakers in the department, and what she ingenuously requested was the whereabouts of a happy editor who had a home and foolishly went to see it Saturday nights. The queen of fancy kitchens had brought him a cake, and this announcement, accompanied by a deft unveiling of the plate, nearly threw the reportorial press gang into spasms of strategy. There was the toothsome mountain of sweetness crowned by glistening frost and a transport of gratitude that the editor had a residence and joys enough to forget the cake attacked every palpitating scribe with designs upon Miss Johnson's triumph of raisins, luxuries and split wood. Obsequious and entirely misleading information, braced up by metaphorical assurances, partially convinced the lady that her editor would receive the cake if left in the chaste and anxious hands extended to receive it then and there. She reviewed the pencil-tortured palms with more or less suspicion, and very nearly decided to wait a more favorable opportunity for presentation of the tempting offering, but one winning youth who looked like a prince of honor and who had a key to the home-fled editor's apartment so won the adept preparer of dainties that she recklessly handed her saccharine burden over to him and wafted out of sight in pellucid innocence of the real unadulterated principle of the average newspaper reporter, which is "safety in case of doubt" and highway robbery at any hazard. Of course the editor who "never cared to wander from his own fireside" very much did not eat the cake. There was a Sunday chance for blaming the



maligned janitor and a possible over-night event for rats or other inhabitants of the pavilion, which have been fed upon delirious manuscript since the first of May. So a feast was inaugurated immediately upon the exit of gentle cook, and in spite of the vehement protest of one exalted Irish chevalier, who wanted to mow down the entire fraternity for what he prismatically termed a "dusky Hibernian trick," it was voted the most delicate compliment to an absent and revered confrere, and by long odds the demand of true knightly sentiment to eat up this lovely cake quick, while it was exquisitely fresh and palatable. With every luscious slice went up a chorus of "evviva," and the last handful of sweetmeats was eaten standing in a tumult of adulation for the trusting lady.

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Since dedication day a band of variegated and ambitious ushers at the "Wild West" grand stand have radiantly importuned me to take a ride in the Deadwood coach. The startling rhapsody pictured for me in this brief blank-cartridge tour would make an epic, but I withstood all fevered requests up to one evening last week, when the rain had deluged everything, including the effulgent ticket taker and my portable wardrobe. When the anticipated appeal was uttered I vouchsafed a promise to take the perilous flip around the little track, and Miss Isadora Rush, Roland Reed, Johnnie Baker, and a dashing first regiment sharpshooter covered with medals and local glory pitched into the unsteady vehicle and proceeded to be vigorously attacked by howling Indians and rescued by much more noisy cowboys. An enthusiastic descendant of the respected Mr. Plenty Horses plunged at the silver



braid on my most visible garment and ripped a yard or two away from its peaceful decorative position on the left facade of my Arragon collar. Reed shrieked as if somebody had asked him a raise of salary, lovely Miss Rush gathered me to her diamond-brooch quarters as if my will had been made in another's favor, and the militia's pride glared at the rollocking buck and reached for the Indian's spear, and nothing but the timely intervention of a soldier saved the entire party from an embarrassing misunderstanding with the whooping tribe, who were in fun, and the nervous heroes incarcerated in the coach. It was wildly exhilarating to everybody there probably except Johnnie Baker and me.

A real incident on a par with the mimic one at the show was not an unusual experience for anybody belonging to a border state. I remember going from Winterset to Oskaloosa one snowy winter night when I was a tiny little child. The stage always started out at a fearful pace, the horn blew ferociously, the driver wielded a terrorsome black-snake whip and the populace assembled to see the mail leave, which it did in irregular and shy accordance with the state of roads and reports of savages. We had gone thundering through the silvered plains of Iowa for about half a day when dusk revealed feathered crests creeping along the leafless edges of the woods. I had grown intolerably restless in the crowded coach and made my sagacious small self so conspicuously unpopular that it was resolved that my frantic screams to "ride on de top wiv John" be duly presented the driver. Every child in the township knew and adored John Acklin, the mail-carrier and coach-driver; wondered at his marvelously disturbing brass horn, his gigantic shoul-



ders and immeasurable boot-tops. John gayly consented to take me out on his lap and I was forthwith bundled up to the eyes in fur and mufflers, and he held me with a sort of reckless insecurity and enjoyment which made the journey a childish swim of delight. Over the soft snow with sudden and terrific bumps nearly dislocating me from the envied seat on John's bony but faithful knee, down hills with a grinding brake that made me laugh and everybody else scowl, up steep slants and across frozen creeks. I hoped Oskaloosa might be at the other end of my prospective life. John told me staggering tales of his routing whole tribes of Indians with his whip, throwing herds of untamed cattle over rail fences and punctuated these eye-openers with graphic and immediate location of the frightful bravery. He sung loud and unspeakable ballads of the prairie, taught me to lisp some of the choruses, whistled at skurrying rabbits and discovered threatening prints of bears' feet, buffalo and deer in the swiftly passing roads of snow. He held reins for four prancing horses and never lost the nicest thread of his path nor in the least neglected me.

Suddenly he craned out his long, sinewy neck and unceremoniously clutching me by the most tangible belt rigging he could grab, handed me inside and "slowed up" an almost imperceptible bit in his pace. There was not much said that I could hear but men drew out of their hip-pockets energetic derringers and neater guns, the women paled but braced themselves for the probable, and then while Acklin was slashing his leaping horses two or three arrows spun by the windows of the stage. The leather mail-bag was unstrapped by his Adrian fingers and whirled under the



inside seats. With a gun in one hand and the fighting reins in the other and not a sound except vocal spurs he flew by the stretching plains of white, almost bent double in the effort to whip prodigious speed out of the horses. Just as we rounded a treacherous corner through the brush came a broken line of yelping Pawnees. A volley of shot swept in between the waving hazel bushes and John's gun hurt one of the Indians. Everything was quick and over with those unsettled times. The coach halted, and before it dawned upon my pleased mentality that anything more than Mr. Acklin's usual amusement was enacting, a garrulous squaw pounced upon me and began to "swipe" ornaments various from my smothered throat. In an instant the coach was surrounded and by some sort of friendly suggestion everybody seemed to be giving up desirable adjuncts to their toilets. Indians leered in solemn assurance of nothing more disastrous than robbery and the stage-coach occupants accepted the situation with a benign accommodation. As the rifling continued a tremendous chief stepped near the window and I was entranced. Leaning far enough out to see my idol, the driver, I said in enthusiastic confidence: "Oh, John, look at de big, big Injun," a dulcet compliment which so flattered the painted warrior that he took a string of tin-can lids from his bronze neck and handed them to me with a grandeur of a Cæsar. After they had peacefully snatched everything available from the travelers they gave John Acklin a cheer and started the horses themselves running at a bird-wing gait to the hill curve.

It all came back vividly in the mock ride at the "Wild West" the other night. Children were not



taught to fear Indians out there, only to conciliate and watch them. The Brule Sioux, the Sacs and Pawnees were thousands strong in those days, but not awful calamities nor direct brutalities often resulted in their plundering attacks. Now a handful of Sacs fade among the deserted forests of Iowa, 400 Brules count the remnant of a splendid tribe and a straggling group of Pawnees wandered around the Fair grounds last week. They had been to Washington for some money which the "Father" said they would certainly receive (not) in the spring. Old Rain-in-the-Face made a stoical observation regarding the governmental proffer of civilized Indians over South pond way. When the caravels arrived, by one of those subtle maneuvers wholly in the province of a showman and infinitely more picturesque than the plodding dictates of parliamentary precedent, Cody's Indians went in the van of the welcoming procession, the cultured reds in historical correctness accepting second place of distinction. It was impressed upon the savages that they were the greatly honored and honoring guests of the consequential day and such brilliant nightmares of color and finery never saw sunlight before. Rain-in-the-Face was standing moodily against a column of the peristyle, frowning at one of the cultivated braves of the government, who was rigged out in shambattle togs exactly like an actor. The untutored savage grunted when informed that the chief was civilized, then said, in biting Indian sarcasm: "Oh, yes, I see that. An Indian brave would not wear turkey feathers unless he was tamed." The tail feather of an American eagle is the only feather a brave would deign to weave in his raven mane.



A tender calm has swept over me since the balance of the statue at the door of the administration building has grown into recognizable completeness. It is not the immortal fetisch of misfortune, George Washington, but it is Columbus, as I might have conjectured everything is. The legs behooved something uncanny and historical and the coat tails fluctuated between the age of unpremeditated flight and stalwart contradiction, but later the vest buttons betokened discovery in the nebulous and valor in resistance. Since I first perused the fifteen-puzzle guide-book and learned of a St. Gauden's Columbus colossus I have waited for that signal from the kingdom of true portraiture in marble. Instead of Washington in the obsolete and venerable pose it is Columbus, magnificent, conscious and supreme. The banner looks like a chalked-off tennis ground, but the hero of this century stands in a halo of artistic splendor and undefiled command.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.



Imagine a whole village of houses after the fashion of the German building, with filigree peaks reaching out to the sky, gentle murmurs of color deadened in mellowness, ivy clambering about the ledges and mosses grown over the stone juttings and nooks, while quaint windows open in each tower like steady, watchful eyes. There is no other example of architecture in the entire Fair so indicative of national disposition, independent taste and hearty affiliation with art and science.

Still, I hover about Blarney castle, drink buttermilk and watch the colleens knit and weave and blush prettily as an April morning. They always blush and flutter and bubble over a trifle; it is a race trait. They are emotional, uncertain and easily won, with humility in an abstract degree and happiness in volumes tingeing the pathetic loyalty to Ireland and religion. The Aberdeen cottage is ablaze with hospitality at any hour and "caed mille failte" leaps out in pleasant smiles from every thatched roof in the dainty place. Laces fine as shadows from threaded maiden-hair ferns and embroideries in magic delicacy grow under the agile fingers of these bright-eyed girls, and, though nobody



but a reckless few knew it, a block of the blarney stone arrived yesterday and a privileged quartet were introduced to that producer of sweetened language. I climbed up the spidery little staircase immediately upon the report of the famous petrified nymph's appearance and was perhaps the first American to kiss the blarney stone since its arrival to test the weather over here. From a point of hygiene the first osculation was preferable to the last; further than that I do not see why the event should be chronicled. A quizzical and torrid-haired gentleman from Kildare stood guarding the famous rock and indulged in respectful banter with me at my sudden request to recuperate eloquence in an Irish way. It is easy for the simplest Irishman to say clever things and the guardian of blarney met the emergency with usual arguments and flattery. The treasure was to be unveiled later, but with reverent comedy he unrolled a gray stone about eleven by fourteen inches in expanse and in diameter for my delectation. The stone was wrapped in a tattered sun-burst of heroic measurements and the ceremony of revealing it was accompanied with considerable humorous solemnity on the part of the custodian and trepidation, not to say excitement, on my part. That I did not immediately rend the air with released language in superbly sugared preservation is nothing against the legendary qualities of the blarney stone. I am liable to break out any time and depopulate philology with exhausting floods of compliment and candied adjectives.

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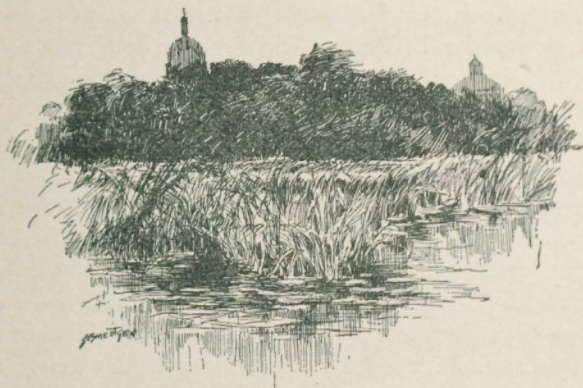
"June it should be in its early splendor,  
June ere the cuckoo has changed its song,  
When clouds of blossom and leafage tender  
Are sweet and fair as the days are long.

Where in the silent forest reaches  
A song unuttered forever broods,  
Under the aisles of pillared beaches  
In green and luminous solitudes."

When tremulous morning lights waver and burn like the enchanting glance of eyes lovelit and surprised, when flakes of summer glory melt in a sunshine dusky with golden promise and full of tender preference, that is the time to rest and dream in the wooded island. Not in the courting hour of shadows, when brisk winds stir the flowers and plighted evening leans toward the night, nor at high, cruel noon, that bruises sentiment and withers violets, but in the morning, sweet with disappearing dew, when tears of dawn lie only where cool silence waits, and when white roses faint against the rich brown earth or bleeding heart droops in scarlet thirst, plaintive as a hopeless sigh. Then the young trees scatter a maze of lace-work about the gardens, the prettiest blossoms grow almost visibly and fragile things too delicate to bear the touch of sunbeams die in a wave of perfume. There is a stillness that is enchaining and that poetry of loneliness which weds the soul to flowers and the melody of happy birds. The dripping grasses are so wondrous fresh and the leaves so restless. Where the sun blazes hungrily tendrils curl and petals fade as purity beneath the unkind torture of passion or hardily gather strength like the martyr's halo rising out of fire. That very few can know the lovely island in this early glory is one of the selfish delights of the Fair. "Myself and mis-



ery" and the man who works a fiendish garden-hose in relentless spurts of mercy to the flowers seem to about constitute the visiting list of the morning. At night it is not safe for sympathetic ardor to be adrift within gunshot of the hallowed spot. There is more undiluted adoration afloat in the secluded atmosphere than ever a lover's lane discovered to the rude eyes of bachelors and earthly scoffers. There is a teeming simoon of endearments on tap from 8 p. m. till the



guards are called in and the lovers and lights put out. The swift splash of a night-bird's wing in the black lagoon startles more timid embraces out of plumb than can ever be braved again and the inhuman search-light is a distressing tattler, dreaded as a kodak. Out of the tangled meshes of malaria and amorous glances it is difficult for a rank outsider to glean much evening consolation in the island, but in the beautiful morning there is a glimpse of heaven for tired eyes and a touch of gold to aching hearts and weary lives.

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Nothing palatable or enviable can induce the saucy Cingalese beauty to lift her black-silk knitted veil. She is out for all the glittering "stuff" obtainable by affectation of spirit or coquetry but never to commit so perilous an offense as lift that flirtatious veil, through which her milky teeth gleam like little grains of ice-cream. There are so many pretty girls and comely matrons in and about the plaisance that the advertised "beauty show" is perhaps the most sparkling farce exhibited. In the first place, the sirens are dressed up in toggery the like of which never draped more unaccustomed shoulders. Worth costumes upon dairymaids could not equal the grotesque humor which is achieved by the incongruous habiliments of this supposititious revelation of attractiveness. I was seized with a fevered impulse to gaze upon these Venus-gifted creatures this morning and reached the pavilion just as the greater number of houris were indulging in a huge and wholesome lunch in the restaurant. Somebody--Byron probably, or Pope--derides the beauty who eats, and after one sweeping glance at the indiscriminate abandon to feed which detained the congress I meditatively approached a spangled darling who held court almost alone in the lecture hall while others ate outside. She was dimpled and shapely, with wide eyes and raven hair; she looked every inch a sultan's fancy and I hesitated in what tongue to address her because she had something oriental and tropic in pose, her garments and the witchery of her dark face. I hoped French might fetch her; they all make a commendable attempt at that; so I courteously asked her if she could converse with me in the lily language. She shrugged her ivory shoulders and



crossed her feet wearily, then said in unmistakable Plymouth place English: Nope; "wait till de whole push is tro' eatin' an' try it on some of 'em."

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Music takes upon itself wondrous azure shades and warmth these summer days. The Chicago band plays such splendid numbers that even symphonies can not attract adorers from the marble-lipped court-of-honor. Yesterday "Les Preludes" crept out to the eager air about noon, and I never felt so near to Liszt. The cool lake wind carried every modulation into the days of sunshine with true and enraptured tenderness. Sometimes a stray breeze would catch one of those quiet afterthoughts of the master and envelop it in jeweled echoes or paint a reflection of the harmony upon the fountain waters or in the clouds. It was Les Preludes etherialized, ideal and enchanting. Bach's, passion music with no end of voices and no end of tedium came to quiet the yearn for antiques and classics yesterday. To-day a thousand charming melodies scintillate in festival hall, the programmes are magnificent, their rendition absolutely superb and the early discomfort, mistakes and disturbances are quite forgotten in delight with the perfection of these entertainments. Especially fine are the series of choruses, national anthems and children's offerings at the shrine of harmony. German day, the volkslied selections and appropriate dedication of the day to patriotic songs and marches made Jackson park into Vienna for the jubilant time.

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There is a beautiful little boy who has captured me forever. He is not Cupid, but so near to that enticing



rogue that description will confound them. His name is Sammy Abdallah and he is the son of that marvelous Arab who holds a group of stalwart athletes upon his mighty frame as an Alsatian would hoist a bucket of mountain spring water. Sammy met me by the sweetest chance. He is five years old and dark as an autumn rose, with great, deep eyes and lovely lips, built like a fairy prince and full of inherited grace and spirit that is almost unreal. He of his own accord improvised an entertainment for me because he thought I "would be pretty good" and because he had a wild infusion of prettiness and talent steeping in his darling heart. He hid behind the chenille curtains in the tent, rung an imaginary bell and proceeded to recite cunning pieces which sounded like the unraveling of silver fringe from his baby mouth. He would disappear behind the curtain after every effort, wait for applause and with his beautiful eyes ablaze come out and curve his dainty olive neck in a bow that could win a princess. Without any instruction he ended his impromptu with something delicious which made him say: "Forget me not" in soft cadences that swept over the heart like a memory. He is not a child taught to act but a little flash of genius so bewildering that fear for love of him it may not last, outshines the delight in so clever a performance. He is a great pet, of course, but no more spoiled than any borrowed angel might be. His father, a pale, silent man, came to take him home and thank us for attention. I made a reckless engagement to meet the baby on more familiar footing, an offer which was received with sagacious approval and some staggering guess work which rather floored me.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

In the meek and wholly compromising garb of an advertisement for an English caterer's establishment, Wilkins Micawber is a picturesque figure on the plaza and in the hurtling masses of ordinary people. Wilkins is arrayed in the regulation small clothes and beaver head gear of Dickens' sketching and silhouettes his sharpened profile against the pillars and posts of the court-of-honor like a stray Cruikshank etching. To my not altogether groundless distraction, yesterday I beheld a seedy individual throw himself upon the chest of Mr. Micawber with a Wilkins-I'll-never-desert-you air not to be misconstrued into anything but glad recognition with financial possibilities in perspective. The fact that Wilkins had been taken unawares while waiting for something to turn up was not so stunning as the ghostly certainty that over a year ago I had in a moment of teeming sympathy indited a flowery epitaph to the person who clung to Mr. Micawber's shirt-front. I felt in my bones that the Micawber find was none other than "Needles" and "Needles" had secured an obituary under false pretenses twelve long moons ago. But I rallied just in time to have him strike an exultant pose and then rush at me like a frayed catapult of affection, dragging his friend with the Cruikshank make-up forward with a plunge of etiquette. It seems that Micawber happened once in a glittering hour to have been an actor and so, alas! had "Needles." In fact that explained his second time on earth and his surreptitious visit to the Exposition.



With a series of facial excitements meant to insure inviolate secrecy, "Needles" informed me that he had heard the "Sylvan Dell" management was shy a couple of Thespian chips and he had ventured to climb over the barbed-wire fence just west of the Bedouin village in the drowsy hours of dawn. And that had he not been favored by the flimsy decoration of a pair of unreliable trousers, the chances of his hanging there indefinitely looked glowing for a moment of suspense. He explained luridly that the congested blasts of commerce coupled with general stringency, to say nothing of the beggarly affrontery in a World's Fair blocked against free admission of the profession, had brought him to the uncomfortable pass of climbing the spiked wall and partially sacrificing most of a vitally necessary portion of his spectacular wardrobe. He had, however, upheld the dignity of an offended clan and as soon as he could make arrangements to secure the seat of his pants from the guarded fence and induce somebody to buy him a drink, the Fair would dance in roseate splendor before his dramatic eyes.

"Needles" is in a manner unknown to fame, but his varied achievements and multifarious exploits would fill a registration book. I was, with due ceremony, introduced to this very dejected gentleman in the primitive mining days of Leadville, Col. A restaurant was liberty hall out there, and a lady would blandly take her tea and toast vis-a-vis to an Indian warrior, Chinese laundryman or dead-shot cowboy, as the case might be. Everybody carried a gun and wore a hat, though rigid were the printed rules regarding coats: "Gents will please to not take off their coats" was in black and red all over the walls; likewise dire threats in home-made



pica forbidding "swearing," "yarn-spinning" and "loitering."

A wandering troubadour was always welcome, and "Needles" hoped to strike it rich in the town of silver by spouting Shakspeare with a marked Bacon flavor at anybody who could withstand the battery and put up a small remuneration. I saw a pitiful lack of pennies in his hat one night after he had let concealment and other nerve-destroyers feed on his damask cheek all through supper-time.

I said: "You haven't fared very well here, have you?"

"Naw," chanted the bard; "three doughnuts and 9 cents—why next door I win 14 cents and twenty-three beers!"

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The next time I ran across "Needles" he was "Needles" no more, but Mr. Coghil, janitor of a respectable public hall in Pueblo, sober for ten weeks and evidently highly satisfactory. He came to ask my assistance in borrowing a dress-suit, patent-leather shoes and other accouterments necessary for his successful appearance in "imitations of favorite actors" at an amateur benefit for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

I besieged all my swell friends and they reluctantly furnished the requisite adjuncts to Mr. Coghil's talent. I bought a ticket and heroically braced myself for the local preliminaries in the way of music, and toward the middle of the bill was quite in a state of anxious trepidation for the success of my reformed troubadour.

There was an ominous calm when "Needles'" time



to enter arrived. Then a prelude of hurrying feet and audibly agitated war of words, followed by the appearance of a grewsome youth, who said, owing to the sudden indisposition of Mr. Coghil, Miss Stringham would favor the audience with "The Wolf." I sat dazed through the rendition of this bass solo by a lady, and did not seem to mind the fact that she pleasantly sung in G, while the obliging accompanist gave us our money's worth in E minor. I was reckoning how much I had squandered in the cause of temperance.

Further inquiry footed up my books about like this: Bar bill to release dress-suit, \$12.50; livery to release cuff-buttons and patent-leather shoes, \$2; cab hire to and from calaboose, where the indisposed "imitator of favorite actors" was continuing his imitations, \$1; whisky administered by turnkey to make him talk, 75 cents.

\* \* \*

Mr. Coghil and I were severed for many moons after the above episode. One dark night, while awaiting a delayed train at Portland, Ore., I noticed that my sole companion in the depot was a highly decorated, blanketed Indian asleep in the corner. If peaceful, the startling efforts in high art athwart his noble visage did not so indicate, but if on the war-path Morpheus and old crow had the upper hand of him. West of the Rockies and thereabouts it was customary for all railroads to carry friendly Indians free. They grouped themselves on the steps and platforms outside, with their traps, baskets and papooses, after the passengers were all on the train. Here they smoked, drank and ate in simple comfort, without any great inconvenience to anybody. I fell into a light sleep and awoke to find



the warrior with eyes riveted upon me, the Meissonier dado across his brow wrinkled in perplexity.

Finally, in very South Boston English, he lifted terror from my soul with: "Ah, there. I thought I knew you. I'm Coghil—'Needles.' "

Paralyzed at this revelation, I faintly inquired the wherefore, and learned that he had no money and was on his way to Butte City. To beg, borrow or steal the outfit of some fallen brave was easy enough for the versatile "imitator." So he donned his only possessions—a long Ingomar wig and a Pawnee patois—and, regardless of his empty pockets, traveled free to Butte City.

\* \* \*

After this encounter I could not imagine any unkind freak of fate that might shy "Needles" at me again. But once again in Cheyenne who should appear but "Needles"—forlorn and wretched but hopeful. I gave him supper and a dollar for lodging and breakfast, exacting a promise that if he call the following day when I would collect some clothing for him and interest somebody in securing him work. He came not at the appointed hour and I was to leave for the east, when a piece of brown paper bag was brought me, on which was scrawled in pencil:

"Respected Madame: Leave the clothes with the hotel clerk. I am in jail till Thursday. Your true friend. Needles."

\* \* \*

Today I asked Salsbury what occult strategy he invoked to manage the Indians under the strain of temper and climate. He looked at me in quiet scorn for my humble reasoning powers and said: "I traveled fourteen years with a soubrette. Life with seventy-five Indians is tenderly peaceful in comparison."



Uppermost in the conversation yesterday was the Derby, the stunning throw-down and the general outlook for a horse-race which might see the flag drop inside of an hour and a half. The Derby awakened among a group of scouts, recollections of some of the early Dakota fair races, where the exciting and delusive "ringer" took an august part in the sport.

Buck Taylor, who is one of those slow humorists in which the prairie abounds, sauntered out into the town one morning and found eight Colorado cowboys with champing broncos tethered to their iron wrists. "Whatcher calc'late doin'?" lazily queried Buck. "Hoss-race," was the portentous reply.

"Whatcher conditions an' sich in this hoss-race?" asked Buck, with a smolder of sportive fire in his eye.

"Goin' ter lead 'em down ter the two-mile tree and race back," volunteered a plunger.

Buck looked at the outfit a minute and said solemnly: "Calc'late to git back to-night?"

Out on the plains a congenial coterie of horsemen arranged a race for a considerable purse, even for those generous days, and made it free for all comers. Three days before the race a mild old man, with a covered wagon and team, drifted into the camp and incidentally remarked the evidenc<sup>e</sup> of sport. In the course of the day he offered to enter one of the queer animals dragging his covered wagon. Immediately the scent of the festive scout detected something suspicious and they delayed accepting the last entry until morning. That night when the soft Indian summer moon slid behind a convenient blanket of midnight the wary cowboys stole the old man's horse out of shelter and gave him a mile sprint under the blinking starshine. The horse trotted



amiably over the ground in three minutes and they forgave the kindly gentleman for everything he had not intended and accepted him as a lead-pipe-cinch angel. The suspected entry was received with acclamations the next morning and nothing but money was staked against it during the interim. When the race was called the old man brought out his dusty nag and also to the surprise and paralysis of the bettors, he began dragging from the covered wagon a sack full of toe-weights, quarter-boots and scalpers, with which he proceeded to decorate the three-minute "velvet" of the previous evening. With these levelers of speed the horse struck out and trotted in 2:40. Of course, the untrammelled prairie trotter was outclassed and the emigrant carried away large accumulations of the golden dust staked against his traveling stable.

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Col. Cody has served under thirty-two generals and that is more than many military men can claim in this or perhaps any other country. Gen. Merrill, who has put guns into the clever hands of so many soldiers, gave Cody his first commission. Bill was a lad and the dashing epaulets of lieutenant fell to his lot easily; after that came all the heaped-up honors of his splendid career. He fought and gained everlasting laurels long before necessity brought him into the radius of civilization. When the Grand Duke Alexis was in this country Cody planned and guided that prismatic Russian's frantic rush to the Rockies for "b'ar" and other enchantments. Alexis gave him a jeweled pin of deep significance and great value, besides insisting upon the company of the successful scout into the less picturesque lairs of eastern hospitality. Cody came as far



toward the orient as Omaha and the papers said that Bill had come east to buy a shirt so he could wear the pin.

The momentous occasion in which Buffalo Bill made his entree into Chicago society was marked by several unexpected and thrilling circumstances rarely credited to prominent circles. It was along in '73 or some time at least before Phil Sheridan had married Miss Rucker, and Cody was to be the guest of that gallant bachelor.

Mike Sheridan was granted the privilege of escorting the celebrated scout to the general's house and it chanced that there was a ball of considerable importance to be given that night at Riverside, and one of the promised sensations of the evening was Gen. Sheridan's tenderfoot hero from the boundless west. Cody was practically turned over to Mike, with instructions that they both appear at the stated hour in proper toilet for such an occasion. Mike did not approach the subject with the obvious delicacy the situation required and he nearly "faded" Bill with a sudden inquiry about a dress-suit. Bill thought he was doing pretty well to be decked in a biled shirt, but a claw-hammer, gloves and necktie had never entered his wildest nightmares regarding wardrobes.

However, he went in all docility with Mike to an accommodating tailor, who rented him something awesome in the way of hand-me-down elegance which struck terror to Bill's loyal heart. Added to this injury was a pair of gloves, choker tie and low-cut patent leathers. It was one of those joyless years when men stretched their muscular legs into skin-tight trousers and the tailor with malice aforethought had picked



out a shriveled pair of doeskins for William to wear to the ball. After much agitation upon the part of several volunteer assistants, called in to extricate Bill from this fearful struggle with culture and broadcloth, they arrived at the ball-room. Bill was in a cold perspiration from his head to his heels. He was trembling like an April thermometer and had a startled-fawn look in his eagle eye that fitted his countenance worse than the huge white kids did his hands. About two hundred young ladies seized him with the usual finesse of Chicago and shook his uncomfortable hands in the hall before he could fly to the protection of Sheridan, who was in a similar but more familiar predicament at the extreme of a room which to Bill seemed longer than the grand canyon. At the first opportunity he escaped to the general, who, instead of helping William out, proceeded to introduce him to more and more young ladies of such startling vivacity and security that the first thing poor Cody knew he had promised to dance a quadrille with a lovely blue-eyed creature who was going to "show him all he did not know," and that nearly meant a life-entanglement for the damsel at that very trying moment. But a gleam of hope shot into the stunned visage of the scout as he thought of the quadrilles he had capered in up at the Dead Bush ranch hoe-downs or the cowboys' round-up on the plains. Bill was something of a dancer and was prepared to create as favorable an impression as the tight trousers and button-hole bouquet would permit. But when a foreign tune struck his distracted tympanum and people began to dance without any further signal Bill grew excited and yelled: "Where's your caller?" in such a magnificent voice that most of the girls



thought he ought to study opera. After an awful siege with the lancers he saw an open door. Collecting his usual brilliant executive ability from the four winds whither it had been mercilessly scattered he made a bee line for the street and never stopped walking until he reached the town of Lyons, four miles south, where the friendly bursting of a beer-barrel bung whispered frothy comfort to his harrowed soul. He floated in upon the bartender with his hands full of collar, scarf, cuffs and the coat of horrors, other paraphernalia having been strewn in grewsome recklessness through the surprised night. An apparition of this interesting species was more than the sanguine "keep" had hoped for, and after a hurried introduction Buffalo Bill gasped: "I have had an awful two hours. Now, you are my kind of people. I am at home here and I am going to stay until after the ball is over." Giving his distinguished guest a seat behind the bar the congenial dispenser of drinks managed to reduce Mr. Cody to a comparatively normal state by morning.

The colonel, by a smooth stroke of western indifference, once refused to drink wine with the princess of Wales. He simply did not want a drink just when he was asked and did not see why he should take it from a beautiful lady any more than anybody else. Immediately he became famous among a horde of temperance-workers—a circumstance which made one of the exquisite satires of the age. Gen. Booth's forces carried his name and record around on banners, watery adulation was showered upon him, he was the *frappe* toast of the hour and the English papers were full of his exalted virtues and questionable frontier manners.

All of a sudden the Denver Tribune came out with



a cheering editorial telling of a few mountain escapades of the much-lauded temperance hero in England. It wound up by the disillusioning statement that "if Bill ever got on one of those whooping prairie tears of his he would break up any foreign temperance community in about one hour." The shocking literary gem was copied with glee in various British journals and when confronted with it Cody met it with picturesque and sweeping denials of any acquaintance with Denver or its frivolous editors, much less intimacy with contumacious liquors.

"Tom Ochiltree lost \$1,000 on the Derby," somebody gullible divulged with bated breath. "Is that so?" mused Bill; "well, well, maybe he did; he is great people, but Tom can make the biggest bluff on the smallest pair of any man in the country."

James Corbett is aflame with enjoyable smiles, congratulations and midway complaisance, but his financier and surrogate conversationalist is consumed with palpitating woe and is occupied principally in ferocious denials, contemptuous threats and reserved *casus belli*. Brady is the most versatile volume of strategy and snare-drum tactics who thrives upon the public. He would have a plausible excuse for a cyclone which might seize his star and drift him optimistically heavenward, and the contract that this pair can not elude with the agility of Corbett at the punching bag has never been drawn up. *Hinc illae lachrimae*, because everything except the prospective Mitchell's visage has been broken by the all too fascinating James. Records, assurances, imperative obligations and law and order rules to be silent and abashed at the catalogue of scythed hearts in the harvest of his infidelities.



Mr. Corbett, the voluptuous Rose, some of the blithesome Quackahl torturers and the deafening "hot-hot-hot" vocalists are to be ostracised to cooler climes. Purifying the Midway is a beatific sarcasm eminently creditable though casually amusing.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

Throngs so orderly, amiable and congenial I think could never have assembled until the Chicago Fair attracted them. There is seldom a disturbance, never a shocking row and the list of law-infringements, thefts or public scandals is so limited as to be astonishing, Squabbles innumerable and pyrotechnic agitate the directors, employes, concessionists and commissioners but the guests of the great Exposition are serenely unconscious of it all and are made so much at home by unostentatious courtesy and friendly welcome that the Fair is like a delightful lawn party of heavenly picturesqueness and everybody enjoys it as if it were a social instead of an instructive feast.

The people here seem the pleasantest, most pleasure-bent aggregation of visitors. They want to see, to learn, to enjoy and be as little trouble as possible. The hotels and above all the guards, patrols and protectors at the Fair grounds have no earthly cause for complaint. The guests come very nearly taking care of themselves, they avoid asking more than necessary questions, make strenuous endeavors not to lose or be lost and altogether within our gates there resides a population most agreeable and grateful. Chicago is perhaps not conscious of it now, but when they are all gone and the lovely staff wonders begin to take upon their classic faces saddened lines of crumbling departure we shall be very sorry to say good-bye to these kindly strangers and the angelic hosts of art.

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It is the rarest thing to hear of a pocket picked, a bit of careless vandalism or malicious mischief. I suppose it is intolerable heresy to acknowledge my honest convictions in the matter, but I believe the fact that dependence upon officers who are invested with neither civic nor military power for polite attention is largely creditable for the pleasant informality governing the occasion. In a word, the maligned and condemned Columbian guard does more good than harm by his helpless attempt to achieve a stewardship without the accompanying honors of that investiture. For myself I never have received anything but the most earnest courtesy from the blue-and-gold guards. They have in every instance when required taken especial pains to be polite and useful to me and I surmise ladies from everywhere will attest to the same truth. They are not the cream of American culture and intellect, to be sure, but well-meant civility and inoffensive placidity are qualities more fitting the guardian who is intended as a general utility man instead of an armed upholder of the law.

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Some of them are intolerable (so are some of the people they encounter) but in both cases the majority decides in favorable lights. Art Young sat in the shadow of the peristyle one day with his blonde bangs fluttering and a Highland-fling necktie cavorting in the lake's gentle zephyrs. He was in one of those inferno trances which usually results in something vague and exquisite from his pencil. He had caught a particularly inspiring impression of the colonnade with the frothy waves beyond and the lengthened reflections of the quadriga in the water. He was too wrapt to



hear approaching footsteps and nearly fell into the lake when a thunderous voice said, in terms too rude for Arthur's pale blonde nerves: "Say, young fellow, yous is not allow'd to fake de statoos; see?" Arthur saw and went him one better with his cabalistic newspaper star. That settled it. The guard snatched the fair delusionist's sketch, tore it into fragments and nearly broke the youthful artist's left ventricle by a criticism which was neither grammatical nor pretty.

The Homeopathic hospital is one of the infinite joys out here. It is such a cool, white, sugar-of-milk little jewel box and is so charmingly conducted that rest within its dainty portals means refreshment for the day. There must come a time, though, when the kindly surgeons will be obliged to check the interminable flood of visitors, as patients are demanding all the time to be spared and all the room. Dr. Barker and Dr. Brown are untiring in efforts to entertain the people who come to see and prescribe for the ailing who come to be healed. There are twelve beds and efficient nurses, innocent bon-bon medicines labeled in chilling distinctness with names of poisons too unspeakably murderous to be less than august. A handful of the candy discs might be immensely palatable given with the kindness always lent with the medicine did not clean bottles bear witness to the vegetable and mineral potency of the sugar pills by warnings of the highly respected presence of mercurius vivus third trituration, nux vomica, arsenicum, pulsitilla and deadly nightshade in polemic varieties of threat and promise. The hospital is happily conducted in a charitable and serious manner most effectual on the grounds. At all times faint women and hysterical children are com-



forted and assisted. The tiny parlor and airy consultation rooms are patronized all day by accidental sufferers and wearied invalids. Of all the gentle forethoughts in the Fair's hostage this new infirmary is the most sympathetic compliment. It is a neat and faithful haven, ready with attentions unobtainable elsewhere and most soothing to those who prefer the milder treatment in medicine.

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Down by the cliff-dwellers there stands a low, rambling log cabin with a patch of blue grass stretching about its timber foundation. There is a 'coon-skin drying at the door, a string of gumbo, some sugar-cane and a wealth of hospitality under the thatched roof. It is a Kentucky mountaineer home, and there is a fine moonshiner's plant there which distills such rare amber whisky as never trickled into a proffered Chicago goblet. They bottle it in cunning miniature demijohns and tie the wicker-cased jug with bright-blue ribbons. Inside the hut is cool and beautifully characteristic; soft-voiced men in high boots and loose blouses welcome inquisitive northerners with nice sentences rolled in the mellow gold of Kentucky dialect. There are no r's to speak of in the friendly conversation but plenty of courtliness and a certain half-military form which is pleasantly indentical with the manner of the Kentuckian. It is one of the picturesque concessions and most interesting as an exhibit and industry.

Southerners come to the Fair in droves. The women are lovely creatures, who lounge through the grounds and declare they are tired to death from the time they reach the turnstile until the fountains begin to play. But search-lights find them in piquant groups still



roving among the wonders, still emphasizing their complete exhaustion and still chattering in the sweet, lazy cadences known only in the old slavery states. They are the most charming of all our visitors; they spend money in profligacy, dress daintily, talk incessantly and criticise mercilessly. They are as distinguishable from the balance of the papalangi hunting marvels at the Fair as though they belonged to another country. Invariably the climate appalls southerners; it is too violent in any phase for them; too hot, too cold, too rainy, too dry. They complain with such infantile coquetry and insist upon it that "you all don't know how to live" that the most fascinating thing they can do is to object to us generally and then enjoy it all so thoroughly. Kentucky is represented by crowds of these pretty idlers, bright girls, beautiful matrons and fine, breezy men who never weary in devotion to their interesting families.

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The malicious delight with which Chicago heaps contempt and disfiguration upon the splendid lake is one of the *siccle* studies. Everything that can be imagined in a nightmare of atrocities has been piled up in confusing obstinacy on the lake's white-feathered shore. Hideous structures, rows of snorting engines, hoardings thrown up skyward with a glare of advertisements to hide the waves. The inexcusable but accommodating bridge across the park and that fearful old Mother Hubbard revelation of Columbus discovering "America's" ballet and the lounging gentry of banner pretensions who slumber under the coal-dust mantles in more or less rectangular inebriety are a few of the stunning indignities laid at the grand old lake's



border. The statue, with its scared demeanor and altogether alarming discomfort at discovering anything so ungrateful as Chicago, seems to be in a violent state of fluster over the Columbian episode. Its giant fingers are paralyzed in a series of angles diverting to optical investigation. Its neckerchief is abruptly aggressive, and such indignant coat-tails never whipped the atmosphere in bronze. To have planted Columbus with his face toward the hotels and his sea-loving back to the lovely lake was the last affront to our gentle, suffering waters. The lake is so beautiful! A trip to Jackson park by boat is something to be remembered a lifetime, but even that treat does not seem to lie with beating expectancy in the Chicago heart. The people fret at smoky depots, miss trains, steam and walk and faint in the sun, but seldom think of the exquisite water trip to the Fair. At evening it crowns a day of enchanting recollections to sail away from the peristyle just as the sun sprinkles jeweled mists upon Diana's flying scarf and touches the glass and golden domes with opal shadows. It is like unraveling the tangled meshes of a fairy dream to watch the distant buildings fade into purple silhouettes, the sun die and strains of beading lights break into the outlines like topaz neck laces around the glory. It is only by a hallowed drifting out upon the neglected waters of Lake Michigan that all this loveliness can reach out wave-lapped arms in sweet consoling restfulness.





Indefinite report of a disaster in the Azores which has swept away the town of La Horta brings to memory the famous battle of Fayal, in which Capt. Samuel Chester Reid distinguished himself, the American colors and American sailors by a magnificent fight with the British under the brow of smouldering Mount Pico.

The glory of the brig-of-war Gen. Armstrong, commanded by Capt. Reid, is a nautical legend and Reid's valorous conquest of a British squadron with the brave crew of the Armstrong is one of the partially neglected heroisms of history. In 1814 one of those rare September moonlight nights peculiar to the Azores found the Gen. Armstrong lying in wait on the waters of the beautiful bay. The English fleet had a sorry fight of it for a brief but exciting time, after which Capt. Reid retired to Washington and became famous as the designer of the American flag as it now waves for us.

It is rather a pleasant suggestion of respect for a conquered mother-country that the first flag adopted



by our warships consisted of horizontal stripes, with the British union retained in canton. Afterward the union jack was replaced by the stars on a blue field. In all probability the first design of the national flag contained a hint of the Washington family escutcheon, which was stars and bars. But the addition of stars and stripes for every initiated state encumbered the loyal flagpole with decidedly more red, white and blue bunting than the jubilant Continentals had expected. Capt. Samuel Chester Reid was commissioned to submit a permanent design for the ensign, and he presented two ideals of the flag. One with all the stars formed into one great star mutely intoning the symbol "E Pluribus Unum" and the other with the stars in parallel lines, both with thirteen stripes to represent the original states and the privilege of adding a star for each new accession. In the first session of the XVth congress President Monroe approved of the Reid flag April 4, 1818. The first banner of the present beloved design was made by Capt. Reid's wife and was hoisted on the capitol dome seventy-five years ago. Drake's celebrated spread-eagle verse seems penned to suit this charming episode and the Reid family regent probably treasures the lines with original sketches of the flag:

"Flag of the free hearts only home,  
By angel hands to valor given,  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome  
And all thy hues were born in heaven."

A fine collection of relics of the sturdy captain is on exhibition at the battle-ship in Lake Michigan and interesting descriptions, books, pamphlets and pictures bearing upon the Fayal encounter accompany the



mementoes. There is a particularly appropriate significance in the introduction of Portuguese-American history in this instance and the gallant captain's biography is eminently fitting in the literature of Columbian Spain.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

Once upon a bleak and banshee-shocked night in Ireland there must have been a tremendous hurricane. It is not doled out to chronicles just when this woeful blast blew over the green sod, but if any exceedingly unauthenticated romance demands a date, the festive Hibernian thinks deeply, strokes his Galway sluggers



and fixes the time at a conveniently indisputable period before, or after the "night of the big wind." Since Boreas and a choice coterie of destructive storm sprites rushed in upon the World's Fair and reigned in noisy, uninterrupted triumph for twelve furious and devastating hours every occurrence dates, with Erin's temerity, to and from the "night of the big wind."



Strange, fantastic perils hurried through the pale, affrighted city when dusk came creeping in, threatened by a burly chorus of gusts and cutting breezes. White spires reached out in startled alertness against the angry black sky, slashed with jaundiced glances of hot bronze-red, trees bent low and flowers fainted, birds flew about in scared flocks, crowding each the other away from nooks of protective token, and the wonder-town stretched out its glorious arms to deserted air and empty pathways.

When all the whispering tatters of discordant music and quarreling riot of the winds had grown into a volume of thunderous, fearful sound, when the little frolicsome whiffs of air that shut doors impertinently and blew papers mischievously about had swelled into a garrulous host of invisible vixens, when wires trembled with sad, uncanny messages, turrets shivered with weird moaning and hideous mocks at laughter, I left the orgy of elements and architecture and went to the peristyle, where, unbridled, the tearless storm raged in frightful magnificence. The wind was slitting forgotten flags, hurling boards and beating obdurate window panes. My breath came to me in catchy jerks and gasps, my clothes wound around me until Diana seemed quite as robed as I. She was whipping about on her golden sphere like a bewitched streak of lightning, piercing the fretted night with her arrow from a dozen points each tormented second. Something damp was thrust in my face with a ghostly slap. It was a square of paper, with writing half visible; I did not dare to read it nor venture to destroy it, but crumpled the thing in my hand and held it like a telegram from purgatory. At the peristyle wild groans and howls wailed in fran-



tic jeremiads through the fluted columns and the roar of wrestling waters, tumultuous waves and breaking fountains of lacey spray lent the dry storm something song-laden and symphonic. The sky seemed close enough to touch and rolled itself in swaying miles of velvet darkness. Not one trembling star nor a glimpse of mantled moonlight, but in the vortex of this cave of blackness lay a sheet of hidden rage frosted in steel, over which raced violent stampedes of swarthy clouds pell-mell and full of splendid horrors. The lake, the mighty and exquisite lake! It always is superb in trials of strength with the riotous wind, and that disastrous night all its affronts from civilization seemed revenged.

Sharp peals of broken melody came from far out on the lake's rebellious billows, echoes of chasing gales and bursting seas gathered into the approaching thunder of water, then in majestic sweeps of three drove in the awesome waves, frothy and green with jealous triumph. They broke into silver drifts of beauty and ran like giant snakes along the parapet and shore, dashed filmy veils of mist over the Ionic pier and drenched one other spell-bound visitor and me. I clung to the kindly crevices of a stately pillar and out against the railing where the wind whistled and the lake pitched boisterously stood a young man with intense eyes, stormy as the water and face as set and tragic as the sky. His thick, black hair blew about in tangled roughness, a silk shirt, open, bared his brawny young neck to the elements, and with tight-clinched arms and despairing lips he entered into the combat of the tempest. Suddenly with little, tortured shrieks a bird came in zigzag helplessness through the air and plunged



at the youth's bare neck. He laid his firm white hand over the tiny, frightened creature and then slipped it into the questionable shelter of his coat pocket. The savage glow in his eyes died out and he slowly walked away with the fluttering, exhausted bird still in the pocket. Somehow I thought of Steerforth, drowned and beautiful on the beach, and then I wished more than ever the warning bit of paper was not still burning in my dampened palm. But I dragged myself away from the magnificent shore through the dim court-of-honor and dismal halls to a cozy parlor where, with chill forebodings, I spread the silent message out under an arc light's rays.

It's an ill wind blaes naebody gude. On the storm-sent paper I read:

"Two big sausages and a glass of beer for 10 cents."

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The Elgin band has been one of the sterling attractions for the last week. In the ranks of Capt. Hecker's fine brasses from the pretty burg of watches, lunatics and other time-servers are enrolled the brightest members of the old First Regiment band. "The Thunderer," national medleys and American marches have never been played quite to the taste of the Chicago populace since Capt. Hecker left the city. Crowds would canter from the adjoining buildings when the Elgin organization would strike up "Tramp, Tramp," "Georgia," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," or "Yankee Doodle," and there they would stand and cheer and applaud and rejuvenate in patriotism until the respected tooters were breathless. Bertrand B. Keyes plays the cornet with all his old-time facility and force. The marvelous plumage with which he



ornaments plain military tunes and homely ballads strikes in staggering measures upon ears and hearts unprepared for such scholarly execution. The best music of a national color given since Sousa's departure came from the yellow-covered kiosks last week when Carl Hecker favored the guests with some real American spirit in his selections, vigor in the leading and perfection in the rendition of brass-band harmony.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

There is no example of perfect equipoise and princely youth so delightful as a thoroughbred West Point cadet. He is so impervious to trifling slight, so reserved, so loftily above provincial slur or ill-bred chaff, that he towers away above young men of his own age who have not had the beautiful training of endurance and submission.

The formalities of military requirements take a life and warmth quite reaching the magic halo of national devotion and patriotic sentiment when expressed by these loyal, handsome and earnest young soldiers. They lift their hats and bow their valued heads to the stars and stripes with almost worshipful simplicity; they carry themselves like gentlemanly automatons of an incontrovertible system without losing the dignity of intelligence, the grace of youth or the independence of manhood. A German cadet is a wooden shot-tower, robbed of every quality but servile obedience and brute strength; an English military student is a mountain of discipline and conceit, but an American soldier in his apprenticeship is the most lovable model of youthful manliness.

If anything on earth might try the aggregate temper of a college representation it is an unequally contested game of foot-ball like that given at the stock pavilion Saturday night. Really, though the cadets played a very scientific and interesting game they were in no way matched for the older combatants and had Harvard, Yale, Cornell or Princeton been treated to such a



friendly battering they would have been absolutely unendurable. The companions of the West Point team were as polite as if the Chicago Athletic club had been entertaining them at the new palace of gymnastics and manly art on Michigan avenue. Whatever disappointment echoed in their sturdy young hearts there was none of it exhibited in their manners or faces. They calmly watched Donnelly smash their agile Stacy about and drag the best runner to the ground in his gigantic ankle hug without a change of countenance or a less amiable ring to their college yell. Any other body of college men would have shown no end of surly temper at such a defeat and been personal, not to say objectionable, in suggestions, opinions and vociferous attacks. But the pride of America, the envy of nations, the glory of Columbia was as good-natured and generous and courteous as it was noisy, which is giving the students credit in the very hyperbole of compliment, since they have more lung force to the square yard of uniform than any combination of beauty and health could hope to attain outside of the nation's military school.

Great goodness, how they do hurl thunders out of their close-collared throats! Nothing seems to tire them, nothing daunt them. The West Pointers will be missed everywhere when they steam away to the barracks again. They have brightened a memorable week at the Fair and won all hearts.

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Poet's day is to be one of the exquisite souvenirs of literature and art combined with picturesqueness; the multitudes clamoring for accommodating views and seats are still increasing. The cast for "As You Like



It" is rather speculative in its horoscope, but the names are welcome and the probable result will be eminently poetic and artistic. Miss Coghlan has come to be the accepted-out-of-door Rosalind. To have secured Rose Coghlan for a cast of a pastoral production of Shakespeare's delicate comedy is to insure success. Her brother and husband are equally desirable, and lovely Maud Harrison will perhaps lend new charms to Celia. Addie Cora Reed is to sing *Amiens* and her fine voice is delightfully attuned to the forester's songs. It will be a treat to hear: "What Shall He Have that Killed the Deer?" "Blow, Blow, Thou Wintry Wind," "Under the Greenwood Tree" and the *brindisi* given in the melodious way Miss Reed always sings any song. The music is habitually neglected in the usual performances of the jeweled play and the assurance of cultivated and highly sympathetic rendition of such sweet music is one of the promised beauties of the forest production. If Sandow wrestles with a stalwart and graceful actor even though the Rosalind locket goes to Orlando the contest will be a magnificent opportunity to see the strong man in a daylight strip which will exhibit his superb physique and brawny development to advantage.

It will be a rare holiday from early sunlight (shall it please the sun to shine) until the soft evening. Poems, recitations, splendid music and excellent acting will make the day unique and filled with classic enjoyment.

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The stock pavilion is one of the busiest quarters of the Fair these days. Such royal specimens of horses, cattle and blooded stock have seldom been stabled under one roof or breathed the same air. There is a



cozy little white box of an office just across the lawn from the pavilion and it is crowded with anxious and admiring grangers all day long. The office is headquarters for the Breeders' Gazette, and from its bustling confines are expected volumes of information, courteous decisions and more ventured probabilities than the weather bureau emits. The prize cattle came from Iowa, Illinois and Ohio ranches. Pennsylvania, Minnesota and Canada show the best horses. Every night the royal Russian steeds parade from the pavilion back to the quarters allotted them in Washington park and it is one of the pretty ceremonies of sunset time. A procession of the entire exhibit from the stock pavilion is contemplated. Of course, the splendid collection of cattle can scarcely be included in the possible candidates for place in the march, because the lively and palpitating privilege of chasing a wild-eyed Aberdeen-Angus or mammoth Hereford bull up and down the court-of-honor is not a sought-for favor and the pleasant task of putting a pig in a poke drops into mild comparison with the difficulties attendant upon a trip across the plaza with a suspicious Durham or indignant troop of southern heifers. Still, if only the horses, the magnificent horses, might be shown in line of march the affair would be most imposing.

The potent evidence of interest in creatures alive, and real animals rather than artificial, stuffed or chiseled wonders is awake in the harbor for live stock and farmer's offerings to the great show. Here in cleanly booths are rows of carefully arranged eggs in more or less anxiety to be born again. There are fine examples of the granger taxidermist and the preserver of rooster remains but the exhibits have been deserted and it was



only when the champing horses and monsters from the ranch came bellowing through the tan bark hall that people flocked thither in droves unruly as the cattle.

The first chicken hatched in the patent incubator is a thriving pullet, named, of course, Columbus. The incubator is not thrilling to gaze upon even in its most fecund moments but as a regulator of chicken morals and hen tempers it must be a crowning glory to the successful inventors.

I'm a farmer myself and know whereof I speak. That is, in a misguided moment I bought a farm and made two trips a year to pay the people who tend it and incidentally tell them how to run a farm. They have been farmers for forty odd years, but I have ideas—ideas not at all meant to excite the lugubrious mirth that invariably accompanies any unfolding of my plans regarding the farm of the future. I object to many things on my farm. The indecent haste displayed by pigs at their meals is alarming and discouraging. So long as sour soup and decayed carrots incite such uncontrollable greed in the succulent shote, so long will bacteria, trichinosis, et al., be a threatened destiny.

The liberty accorded flighty hens in the matter of migratory and inaccessible nests is both reprehensible and inconvenient. I have advanced several lucid theories on the hen question and never failed to elicit the usual guffaw. Hens are not decorous at best, and the scandalously indifferent and indiscriminate manner in which they allow themselves to be employed in hatching out families of turkeys, ducks, guineas and other alien birds must be a great trial to their crested lords.

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Last week I rejoiced exceedingly to find a five-day old calf at the farm. When the mother went to browse on the hillside I noticed the absence of the calf which was contrary to all accepted Rosa Bonheur pictures of rural bliss. I had ever seen the frisky calf, on canvas, near its siobbery mamma, which gazed rapturously at her frolicsome progeny.

In the stable I found the puny, delicate calf at one end of an abnormally long rope and a barn post at the other. As I advanced this cheerful bob veal executed a *pas-seul* round and round the post, and succeeded in winding himself up to the post so tightly that his damp little nose was on the floor. Here he braced himself and glared deliriously at the roots of the post. He looked so small and sickly and in want of aid that I determined to cut the rope and take him out for one of those Bonheur gambols.

There was a peculiar smile, wholly uncalled for when I expressed my disapproval of the manner in which my calf was left to fade away in the barn, with no air or room for muscular "expression."

Somebody said, "you will be sorry," but I hoped I knew how to lead a weak little calf. There was a pile of splint wood just outside the barn, then a sudden steep hill down to a five-acre lot.

I loosened the rope from the post, wrapped most of it around my wrist and opened the barn door. That fragile veal stood one open-eyed second in the doorway, then bolted for the wood-pile, dragging me with him over the wood-pile and down the hill into the slushy spring meadow, before I could catch breath enough to scream. Away we sailed, on a route mapped out to strike every fence rail and stump in the field. Finally



I spied a deserted post near the center of the lot, and had left just disheveled intelligence enough to unwind the rope cautiously and secure it to the post. The calf pulled away the full length of his rope, then began a side movement toward me. I hauled in, made fast and braced before a gaping audience of toilers attracted by my terrified shrieks. Nobody seemed inclined to help me "exercise the calf," and after ten minutes of strategic warfare the lunatic's nose was at the post just as I had seen him wind himself up in the barn. He had never changed expression or lost breath.

I left him there and wended my wounded way back to the house, where I was bandaged in witch hazel and given a few time-honored tips regarding the demoniac tendencies of calves as a class.

I shall never feel entirely reconciled to that totally irresponsible one in particular, until I have an opportunity to "do him up" with plenty of tomato sauce and French peas.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

Frank Millett is irrepressible. He has awakened to the cheerless and expensive prose that more than chaste and faultless grandeur, dreamy gardens, walks of silver sand, limpid waters and romantic Venetian somnolence is necessary to entice the wary visitor to the Exposition.

The lu-lu bird depended upon to lay the golden Fair egg has hinted in a sultry way just what sort of chaff might be most appetizing by persistent and hilarious devotion to the flesh-pots of the street in Cairo, the phosphorescent haze of Turkish saltarelles, bigos, hasheesh, the Pekin cigarette and Javanese flirts of Midway. Night trains unload at the plaisance and the jewel-strung colonnade lifts its honorable weight of sculptured allegory to the blue sky undefiled by rude collections of wondering eyes. Instead of hungering for governmental relics of the nation's history, frolicking in the tomes of extinct literature, compiling mental reserves in Attic praxis or pouring over the creations of masters of the rarer world, the genial majority haunts shady nooks in some restaurant, quaffs refreshing schooners, listens to the surprising "hot-hot" clamor of the noisy street, squanders time and money liberally, elbows with royalty and beggars, laughs, shouts, brays and vitalizes under the exhilaration of supposititious forbidden fruit and license. The elevating inspiration of ethnological progress, scientific advance, theoretical elucidations and development of transcendental art are swept by in the mad haste to secure a front seat on the



band wagon of amusement and read the latest bulletin from suppressed theaters of the oriental dwellers in the motley street of all peoples. Millet has torn aside the gonfalons of hope which have periodically flapped over the foresight of World's Fair management and in desultory revenge he has plunged the entire force in one frantic endeavor to lend an Egyptological-patent-medicine-picnic ardor to the prospective programme for neglected sections of this beautiful panorama of information and refinement.

Millet is inaugurating a rabid sequence of hippodrome attractions, spread-eagle promises and fiery, untamed fulfillments. The backward public will be urged to come early and stay late. Bombs of gigantic calculation burst from Frank's thought-repository every alternate hour. He has hung folly's gay ribbons about the liberty bell and stuck a fool's cap on Republic's brazen occiput. A bill-poster will draw the salary appropriated for master of ceremonies and symphony will be variegated with "He Wore a Worried Look" and "The Cat Came Back." Over the pale city will blossom scarlet and azure three-sheet reminders of the commercial trend of endeavor and the decadence of classicism. Pantaloon and Columbine will cavort where Aspasia and Clio smiled; Bacchus and Terpsichore are to flaunt in barges upon the astonished lagoons and riotous clowning is the anticipated diversion of the hour. Ruffles and puffed sleeves will be added to the toilet of Justice and Diana is on the hooks for a sun-hat. The silver question has struck the Fair with an upper-cut that knocks art and education edgewise in the scale of prices.

Mr. Millet oozes out of his swampy domicile on the



island, stops the concussion of imagery teeming in his artistic soul and gives himself up to ringmaster privileges, dances attendance upon the vagrant courtesan popularity and enthusiastically offers "Hoops or banners, mademoiselle!" as the frivolous ballerina rides by. Crowds have rewarded his efforts in the novel departure and goddesses who object to coming into the arena with flying locks and painted faces can hoist their dignified carcasses to the pinnacles of restful towers. Tawdry frolic rules the peristyle and sawdust rings are more in order than tapestries.

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Rain pursues the energetic wheelman. He is a swiftly scoring Jonah of indefinable reliability.

Let a bicycle parade be brewing and immediately the rain-makers start in to win a jackpot and throw mud at the pneumatic-tired sprinters. The lantern display Thursday was very pretty for about ten minutes, then a sprawly little shower spat at the rice-paper lights, trickled down in destructive rivulets over braided ribbons and wreathed flags, wilted the girls' bangs and ruffled their tangent-spoke tempers. The crowds gathered all along the line of march chaffed the riders with the usual highly edifying wit alive in gaping multitudes. The adolescent tandem wheels came in for a share of pyrotechnic "ohs" and "ahs" and "yum-yums," which were accepted solemnly by the riders; pretty women tossed their dampened heads a trifle and the league clubs answered back in grewsome repartee. The meet on the west plaza was one of the gayest, most interesting episodes of the many occurring there since dedication day. If the rain hadn't drabbled the decorations, spattered skirts and generally interfered



the procession might have been quietly enjoyable. A bicycle parade is not particularly thrilling at best and when the elements bestir to wet-blanket the performance Melancholy sits in sullen eminence upon the silent movers in the train.

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Of course the Irish discovered America! If Ignatius Donnelly had wasted less time skewering Shakespeare and more in hunting up cipher sailor data and



elliptical Irish immigration, instead of Christopher and Spanish crews the Fair might have been chock-full of reference to Celtic "rastles" with the virgin sea, wigwam invasion with the triumphant shillalah, unfurling of the festive sunburst and the introduction of Galway sluggers among beardless Indians. Hibernian preponderance in American population must be explicable upon some more logical basis than simple ambition to secure a "drag" in city hall. The halo of bulbous effulgence nervously sprouting about Raleigh's memory



probably belongs to some equally befeathered dandy of Kerry. It is safe to wager that an Irishman had a large and thrifty hand in the potato exchange and that the burly Norseman, crafty Vespuceius, Columbus and Director Burnham might never have sniffed the prairie cyclone had not some Celtic sailing charts been sold at auction or lost. The hectic son of Erin always rises to a pitch of heroism at the most apropos stroke of public necessity. Just when the fearful responsibility of rescuing Veragua from pawn heaps obvious calamity upon the American aristocrat along comes Ireland with her Blarney stone whetted, and shies a comforting black-ball into the ballot for ducal reciprocity. I should be sorry, mavronne, to live in any country Ireland had not spoken about before the earth was inhabited, much less acknowledge a nationality not registered in Carigohowly archives long before the discovery of the western hemisphere. "Cead mille failthe" will probably be found in preserved bon-mots of polite North American Indian salutation and "hanam an dhioul gadho gadho" is the sententious epitome of the Messiah craze without alteration of text or intention. It doesn't matter much who discovered so creditable a place for us to abide, but if the magnificent Irish did it, why, I hope so. "Tityre tu patulae sub recubans tegmine fagi."

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The plaisance concessions are besieged with demands of that genus theatrical fungi always expecting passes everywhere. Cards of last year's engagements and fabulous prospective routes are flipped in at the abashed box-offices and huffy vocal explosions follow the usual refusal to recognize talent on cardboard.



They have even offered these dazzling credentials to the awe-stricken croupier of the gate-money game and been irredeemably affronted at the stereotyped assault thrust upon the less exalted wayfarer for 50 cents or a photographed license to swing the turnstile. The other day a blithesome back-number floated up and down in search of something free besides polyglot language, and finally she faced Hagenbeck's. At the great lion-and-lamb arena they are pressed for time and other collateral and an imperative, laconic negative invariably greets free-pass infringements. The spectacular vision of a face much worse for season-of-thirty-weeks' wear, a vehement purple hat, sleeves like peaks of the Jungfrau, a cravat and heliotrope veil with spangled edges confronted the treasurer and a group of unlaundered fingers shoved a square printed card at him as if it were to be eaten while hot. Then the following concise dialogue took place in the briefest farce on record.

"What's this?" mazily inquired the treasurer.

"Why, that's me, that's what!" warningly answered the face.

"Fifty cents," chanted the ticket-seller.

"W-h-a-t?!!" shrieked the professional lady! "think I'm going to cough up a half to see a side show? Well, not this summer. Where's the manager?"

The manager is not sentimental and he hove in sight just in time to be attacked.

"Whatcha think! that slob in the box won't take my card. I b'long to the May Ho'ard burlesque troupe next year."

"Is that so?" sagely responded the manager. "Well, just the same, birdie, you'll have to buy."

One afternoon young Rhorhand, the cleverest, most



unhappy artist of the "C" coterie, met with his inevitable disaster on the plaisance. "Rory" is doomed to sudden and tragic spasms of unintentional adventure. He is the mildest, quaintest little gargoyle ever touched by the magic wand of genius. He paints fairy traceries in aquarelle, feathers his pencil-wing over spidery black-and-white suggestions, plays divine rhapsodies and nocturnes on the violin and writes fantastic nothings for daily papers. He has the soul of a Raphael and the general appearance of an elevator boy out of work or a song-and-dance man of unhewn fortunes.

Rory has been arrested for sketching the "Victoria" model in the transportation building, has fought two goreless battles with the antiseptic Columbian guard, has been carried out of Die Graben by force of stalwart arms and fallen victim to the charms of a Cingalese siren who wears a cork on her forehead and a tin tab on her nose. Something in the usual line of trouble sent Rory to the telephone concealed in the foyer of the Algerian theater. He had stammered unforgivable amiabilities at the hello fairy, who was slowly convincing him there was no such place as Jackson park or the Midway, when a reverberating soprano at his other capacious ear sent thrills of golden euphony into his heart of hearts. She was young and talked in a vibrating patter that quite upset the youthful artist and she told him she was a member of the Grotto ballet, she had no money and was dying to see the tortures. She wound up a Kreutzer sonata of adjectives and despairing minors delivered in one breath with the bubble of fears that she might miss the stabs and cuts and beheadings and things, "I want to see the manager but I guess



you'll do; give me a pass for three, please; so much obliged! Thanks." Rory at last found language and opportunity to feebly and humbly state his inability to do anything more than hide his unmanagerial head and call an ambulance. The professional pass fiend knows no limits and studies no diplomacy. Particularly if she be one of the Chicago home product.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

Friday was the 13th ult., and the darkest night in town met three limp and depressed reporters on the plaisance. Not a star shone through the two yards and half of firmament darkly visible over Midway, and the sky stretched out in sulky wrinkles dripping like a very wet and useless army horse-blanket. Rivulets of blackened raindrops coursed in steady, lonesome drools down the shoulders and over the dappled shirt-fronts of the humble scribes, while evasively navigable streams purred around their obedient derby hats. "Books in brooks and good in everything" could not be quoted at the sporting reporter whose plaid tie had run in Rob Roy streaks all over the polka dots in his trotting season blouse. He voted the Midway a "skin game" anyhow, and said rude things about mild evening marauders and long shot over night events which the space eradicator, who was escort, failed to cover intellectually. The third and perhaps noisiest of the trio was a plain assignment hopeful with his bright lexicon of youth on tap from early morn till opalescent eve and this drear section of time lost was wearing upon his nerves which, being Irish, turned to Donegal for soothing syrup. "Why didn't you think of that before instead of mouchin' around like stray cats. What are you on earth for?" These unseemly remarks from the sport addressed to the docile escort struck him as buoyant and he answered as if refreshments had roused something verging upon dormant amiability,



"I live, I live to fill up space,  
No other substance fills up;  
I live to carry 'round my face,  
I live to run my bills up."

The "Wishing Chair" was worth testing and through the drag of the Hibernian reporter the three damp hunters for exclusive stories reined in Pegasus and blew out the Diogenes lantern while they picked out one thing from eighty thousand others highly desirable to wish. First the sporting chronicler took the magic seat and wished he was sober, but the attendant advised him to keep within the bounds of possibility, so he wished he had a drink, which indiscreet aspiration cost him nearly all his winnings for the week. The embarrasser of space sat himself to wish he had a steady job, and forthwith out of the drowned dozens standing under Donegal's dripping roof came four smiling lady friends of his departed opulence, so glad to see him that he was busy for two solid hours trying to shake them courteously. The Irishman was expected to say something creditable in honor of the occasion, and when he thought of Harrison street station and its courts he wished he was a poet, and the undignified clap of thunder greeting this cheerful hope whelmed him with regrets. He tried it on his dank and wilted cuff under the Bratwürst Glöcklein cedars and rather liked the turn his fancy couplets took. The first lines were suggested by a Valparaiso tragedy at the next table and run sagely thus:

"Mary had a little lamb,  
With green peas on a side,  
The bill was \$1.85  
And her young man almost died."

Encouraged by the spirit in this, the contagion of song urged him to further indiscretions resulting in



several spastic roundelays, rhythmic, original and attuned to the stress of adversity sufficient to attract the favorable attention of his editor who had been there with both feet. The Irish village pins these verses to the chair as a sort of "after taking" commendation.

"A nervous old man from Eau Claire  
Made a flying trip to the World's Fair,  
Where he struck the plaisance,  
Saw the Cairo street dance  
And the guards had to hold down his hair.

\* \*

"A shrinking young man named O'Neill  
Took a ride on the big Ferris wheel;  
When it started around  
He looked back at the ground  
And unsettled an 80-cent meal.

\* \*

"Faith, it was on the 12th of July  
That a man with an orange-hued tie  
Decided to call  
In at fair Donegal  
And now he has only one eye.

\* \*

"A dusky and costumeless minx  
On the Midway cut up high old jinks;  
For she came from Dahomey,  
Liked beer that was foamy  
And very much mixed up her drinks.

\* \*

"A love-sick young maiden from Java  
Asked a swarthy old Turk if he'd have heh,  
But the man who sold dates  
Was not looking for mates  
And he promptly declined to palaveh.

\* \*

"A reckless young man from Algiers,  
Who was loaded by drinking five beers,  
Strolled into 'Die Graben'  
And the 'Was wilst du haben?'  
Of the fraulein dissolved him to tears."







AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

It is painfully observable that the most unconscionable bore is the freak who dares to play upon a public piano.

The time honored fiend who has presumed to hammer nightmares out of hotel ivories sinks into pale endurance since the reception-room in the terminal station became the hideous headquarters for a guileless instrument used for torture. Here hies the humble granger maid who has had "two terms on th' melodion" and is led on by a you-bet-yer-life-I-kin-thump-any-thing-tuney confidence that would stupify a flock of goats.

The handsome little piano was purchased for the ladies' waiting-room to give it an air of homelike comfort and possibly be an occasional source of pleasure to the band of tired femininity graciously served in the parlors. But just as some wary stranger courts enough fleeting slumber to think of rest, something unforgivable is sure to crash through the stilly air and tear peace to shivery tatters. "The Maiden's Prayer" is one sure fatality, frequently interlarded with shaggy vocalism, reminding sere and yellow guests of "The Gipsy's Warning" in two keys for Sunday. Suicidal hymns arrive in sections and a wholly unpardonable duet for four hands tumbles through in grinding spasms of recollection and still more terrible fits of "Oh, now I've got it!" Nobody who can play the piano ever touches a public instrument and no woman but a fearless imbecile would drum like an unmuzzled rattan shutter while nervous and fatigued ladies are



endeavoring to take a nap. The hostess in the parlors feels a delicacy about shutting off these provincial nuisances and the only thing obvious is to close up the piano in apparent inhospitality or have it guarded by a squad of police.

\* \* \*

The stock pavilion is soon to be graced by trotters, royal steppers and equines of such regal paternity that the autographs of princes, rajahs and dukes will look small and loaned in comparison to the triple-plate pedigrees of the blooded horses. If I owned Nancy Hanks, the beautiful creature, I would put her in a gilded stall near the prettiest grove that entices people from the marts. I would free her arch and saucy head, ribbon her mane and feed her silvered oats and lotus leaves at stated intervals.

I would velvet-carpet Arabian-columned gateways to her reception apartment and charge as much as Terry might for a recitation and I would reserve a car to carry away my winnings on the exhibition of the greatest little mare that ever trod under the tilt of toe weights. She ought to be at the Fair.

\* \* \*

The most dignified military event that has illumined the Fair was passed over in something like unsophisticated silence. The army of the Tennessee lent the splendor of its heroic remnant to three hallowed days as memorable and honorable as any hours this gathering of nations has seen.

The genial recorders of events who chase and dream and vigorously toil for happenings strange enough to chronicle in daily papers have the most pellucid faculty of going stone blind when something of absolute in-



terest to the public and to the credit of the Exposition is occurring within the World's Fair portals. If a museum loses a chimpanzee or the plaisance a Bedouin the tumultuous rivalry to send the tidings over quickening wires is inspiring. If a brace of table waiters assume the privilege of throwing butter plates and tea cups at a guard, columns of descriptive might find way to morning presses and the frantic squabble over latest side-show accidents or bar-maid romances occupies more time than do earnest endeavors to report great achievements of the congress of notables. The army of the Potomac came in under the identifying guardianship of the G. A. R. or wide-eyed innocence might have greeted its credentials. America—yöung, unspurred America—is not champing with patriotism. Magnificent battles are crowded out of any place but most undusted memory and men who have stood sentry to the country's prowess, faced perils and fought with valiant daring need brushing up in tactics of the hour to modestly claim heritage of recognition.

Of course the Fair is not a solemn specter nor a braggart thing of bombast; it is all that is joyous and gay and brilliant, brave with life and color and romping with incident, but there is some element in civilization capable of enjoying stories built of finer sentiment than the flimsy junketing of a Midway huckster, a cheapened pageant or an administration disturbance.

\* \*

The army of the Tennessee, with its broken ranks and tender remembrances, marched silently into the Fair with smiles for the youth of it—and tears for the bullet-wounded past. In this rugged battalion are old men and stalwart, full of the ruddy enthusiasm of har-



vested laurels and loyal memories. Where years have silvered gallant heads, so kindly a touch sweeps over soldier hearts that gray age slips by unheeded and in comrade reunion the heroes stand like flaming autumn branches "caught in the frozen palms" of winter.

Some of the finest oratory the Fair has heard came from the platforms where stood "Father Tom" Sherman, Gen. Granville M. Dodge, Gov. McKinley, Gen. D. B. Henderson and an imposing host of military men. There was an abundance of wit, picturesque recalls of stirring times, little drifts of pathos and a world of faithful comrade devotion. Salient shots and sentences worth recording came in such whipping plenty that to catch one of twenty took a clever pencil. McKinley's impromptu was probably one of the most brilliant efforts of the Ohio governor's career. As a rule, there is considerable of the rattle of tin-plate about the glorious McKinley's elocutionary outbursts—a suggestion of the usual tin sheet fanned in mid-air to make theater thunder. Gen. Dodge said when he first came to Chicago there were not as many inhabitants as the admission tickets for one day counted at the Fair. The sons of the Tennessee veterans made inspiring speeches:

"And some had visions out of golden youth,  
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts look in upon the battle,  
And in the mist was many a noble deed."

A very pretty incident led to the revelation of a wonderfully sweet unveiled voice in the promises of Chicago. No provision for music had been made, and a secure hope that somebody in the crowd of guests could carol peerlessly led to a flank movement very like the threat of an immediate stampede. Then out



of the crowd there glided a little wraith in pink satin with a crown of soft girlish hair and blue-gray eyes. She advanced to the stand and said steadily: "I will sing 'Marching Thro' Georgia' if you can help me in the chorus." The child's simplicity set the veterans wild. They cheered her, brought her up to the platform and stood her in the center, between Gen. Dodge and Gov. McKinley. Then she began in a beautiful soprano voice to intone the great old war song. Such a chorus probably never accompanied Patti. Generals, boys, women and preachers made such a ringing shout of "Atlanta to the Sea" that the very walls of the building shook. The little lady was the daughter of a general and the owner of a voice that surprised those cool enough to judge. She was enthusiastically named "Daughter of the Regiment" and became the object of heightened flattery.

America has not thought much about herself in the entertainment of her unaccustomed guests. Her military hope and her military glory have each been here to bow their treasured heads to the wonderful fairy-land of art. But now that both are gone the strapping cadets with their white-gloved correctness are not so dearly remembered as those who, instead of waiting for the urge of war with fine anticipation, look into battle-fields through a veil of patient sorrow and see

"Only the wan wave tumbling, the hollow helmets of the fallen,  
And shiver'd brands that once had fought with Rome,  
And rolling far along the gloomy shores  
The voice of days of old and days to be."



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

After dark any night a walk about the court-of-honor is like wading through the nebulae of aurora borealis.

Light, light, light in every conceivable gradation and vagary of color. Search-lights leaping through mists of liquid white, soft rose and violet, pale gold and deep sky blue, green that seems alive and growing and streaks of red like fountain sprays of blood. Upon the highest point of electricity building there revolves a signal flash that whirls and slits the dark with sudden gleams of emerald, moonlight-white and warning Solferino. From the colonnade blazes a cool furnace of light reaching over wooded island and touching the dome of the Illinois building, while search-lights of the peristyle, manufactures roof and the jets of globed fire running around the eaves, spires, domes and edges of the court and outlining the basin of the lagoon make the scene fantastic and bewildering.

\* \* \*

Of all the congresses in connection with the Fair not one has assumed such colossal eminence as the gathering of divers religionists. These people of enthusiastic beliefs are as a rule actually as precisely divided as if one great hope and fear did not concentrate their various roads to attainment of goodness. It was a wondrous and imposing sight to see in each sect the gentle, kindly tolerance of other converging views, the endurance of argument and the perfect equipoise of unalterable faith. There is nothing so invincible as a settled conviction regarding religion and the placid,



courteous hearing every churchman gave to theories and beliefs opposing his own was a most edifying and endearing sight.

Learned buddhists, Christian bishops, wild-eyed theosophists and priests of a hundred different altars listened with incredulous but interested respect each for the other's creed and aspirations. There were catholics and quakers, staid ministers of old-fashioned gospels and fearless iconoclasts with sputtery, untried torches, ascetic devotees and hearty optimists, brave missionaries and fanatics, serene, shy nuns and emotional ladies; girls with a fairy impression of inherited sin bothering their pretty heads and grave men silver-haired and certain of the inevitable as inspired prophets ever were. There is no such a thing as seems to any one of these except in reference to another creed than his very own. Of course, the eerie occultist, surrounded by nirvana and peering out of the inner envelope, knows that there is nothing anywhere and no place to put it, notwithstanding which the follower of mahatmas is just as likely to be crushed in a crowd as most material I. However, each pins his inscrutable fidelity to a perfect idol and whether it is assuring Christian holiness, devotion to Joss and his attendant gods of good and evil, Karma, the chrysalis of the Brahmo-Somaj, the indestructible faith of Judaism or any of the other active modes of living up to prescribed tenets, nothing but spiritual elation could result, and in the religious congress a cordiality, beneficent tolerance and elevating instance of universal charity rendered their magnificent meeting the most advanced evidence of civilization and refinement that has lent luster to the great Exposition.



Small, dyspeptic shrieks from the treasury of harmony as a rule do not rasp upon the sensitive ears of anything more attentive than the little pitchers curving their necks around the bantam throne. But when there comes a derisive howl against the band stand's repeated onslaughts upon "After the Ball" there is a twang of sympathy in every grazed heart.

Nothing has established itself in so tortuous a perpetuity as the public dread of the first and last and all bars of Mr. Harris' beaten-to-death waltz. It is thumped out of tum-tums, blown out of vinegar funnels, clawed out of all the hideous contrivances of wood and string, picked on the banjo, battered on drums and the piano—oh! the piano! Ivories turn a bilious yellow at the first chord struck and voices never swing into "Aft—" without expectant qualms settling over the atmosphere around. It is a goodly and gracious eccentricity in the secretary which has wrought his liver to this pitch of spleen and though the band which he censures is far in advance of all the sources of music preferred, still the tune, the tattered tune, with its mazy rhythm and measures of drifting melody, is a deserving object of abolition. It has been overworked and ought to be retired with the sensitive battalion of unemployed. If a dissenting temperament could be found, some hardened soul capable of listening to the song right straight through the story from the first undulating sweep of words and waltz to the point where the "break of dawn" hails a coming climax, the bands might be allowed the privilege of hitting it again, but even the hollow-eared skeletons in the anthropological galleries must jerk when the trummed, hummed, drummed, sawed, filed, shattered



waltz creeps over the lagoon. Harris himself wandered through the Fair with alternate shivers of compassion and regret when his tune in various grades of execution met him at every turn.

\* \* \*

The liberty bell in rather unsightly shrouds of pine and perched upon stilts of rickety proportions is the cynosure of wandering eyes. Half the sight-seers have a vague idea that it is a thing to be poked at with canes, parasols and adjectives. Cross people bump each other in confusing interest while toiling around its brazen curves, spelling out the inscriptions and stooping to see if there is a clapper. It is not in a particularly dignified condition. The site is proper but the incomplete framing, the supports and surroundings are primitive and insecure. When it is rung a guard lays violent hands upon a greasy rope and pulls it till he is black in the face and until the bell rocks a little. Then a muffled roar comes from the polished temple of patriotism, just one indignant clang, and unless some enthusiast is near to lend a hand nothing more is heard from liberty. The joyous peals of union and strength still come from Bradberg's wonderful chimes, the German towers, the monster clock in the manufactures building and the condensed echoes of wheels, bands and distant songs of triumph. The bells of the Fair have been a feature since the opening day. They are soothing and entrancing, most inspiringly patriotic and restful. The great liberty-proclaimer came in unattended and strangely unwelcomed. But it will be equipped to ring farewell when the beautiful city is ready to crumble, when the flags drop for the last time, when the turnstiles creak good-bye and the towers lift



their angel hands out to departing nations. It will not be over-courteous to ring the liberty bell as the guests sail away but perhaps it will be candid in a measure.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

The World's Fair is a noble success. Beyond a question it is the most stupendous undertaking ventured in the century and carried to such an impressive triumph that the earth resounds with echoing wonder. Without the least provincial assumption of credit it is safe to assert that except Chicago no city in the world could have lifted the gigantic responsibility into such heightened prosperity against the multitude of contending calamities, financial disaster and lesser interferences.

With all countries awaiting the opportunity to pour dollars into the Fair's wide treasury a grim and miserly specter of suspicion clasped steel locks upon commerce, chained down money and blockaded every avenue of exchange.

The stealthy horror of threatened plague crept through the air, ghastly heralds of epidemic breathed pestilence within the harbor and the elements united in destructive battles which thundered against the unfinished Exposition walls seven tortured months. Storms battered down the scantlings and hurled avalanches at the skeleton domes, crushed spires, twisted iron supports, swept away bulwarks and devoured masonry. For three dreary months rain in torrents flooded the city and made a bottomless morass of Jackson park. Limited in time, harassed by diplomatic inactivity, small jealousies and vicious, disloyal spites; handicapped in every effort where dependence upon other than local administration or more than forced contri-



bution was requisite. Chicago's indomitable pluck, princely generosity and unconquerable pride have combined in one brave, insurmountable power which, allied to the friendly competition of nations and indisputable natural advantages, has marked the epoch with an everlasting laurel of light.

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If "Taffy was a Welshman" then ten to one he was a singer, a desirable citizen and altogether worthy any begrudged marrow-bone in the country. Mother Goose, too, is the last myth who should take it upon herself to hand along adown the ages the ungracious record of Taffy's historical beef episode.

Out of the tangled legends of Wales come most of the fantastic characters which have made the reverend dame famous. In fact, there are reasons to believe the kindly old lady herself belonged to the Isle of Man if not to the peninsula of double consonants. The dress with pointed cap and cape-sleeves is Welsh, the sharp chin and encouraging nose are Welsh and it is established that not to the Netherlands nor Holland, not to Vienna nor Thuringen, but to Wales goes the credit of producing that flighty witch who in cheering rhymes rides over the moon on a broomstick when the nights are dark; who chatters with owls and bats; keeps tab on naughty boys and croons scary cantos with frog responses. Likewise does Wales own the uncomfortable hexe who is responsible for that alarming couplet with spidery pictorial suggestions:

"Old woman, old woman whither so high?"  
"To sweep the cobwebs from the sky."

Down in the most sequestered haunts of Wales are just such odd old ladies as the Mother Goose witches



They still wear quaint pointed caps, carry crutches, boil aspen leaves and cultivate mysterious demeanors and, however old, they are sure to be full of alliterative melody and tuneful song.

What other people in quiet content modestly cling to sacred beliefs, ancient customs, a dead language and any honorable flag which protects them?

The Wales countryman is stanch, unpretending, sturdy and law-abiding wherever he may live. Cultivation of the arts and sweetest harmonies, preservation of classic ceremonies, simple amusements and elevating pastimes bind them in truthful clan sympathy and they are the happiest fraction of humanity on earth.

Their unplowed language in all its rugged primitiveness is protected from the civilized vandals of fashion and improvement but it is enriched by reverential efforts in folk literature and poetic contributions which are sanctified by ceremonial acceptance and honest adjudication.

The Columbian Exposition is indebted to the Welsh for the first and only sensational success in music which has blazed out upon her blighted record of harmony. The gates swung open with a blast of discordant squabbling where most exalted soul was anticipated and never until the Druid chorals of these humble people rung through the festival halls and forests at midday did the Fair know real, earnest, beautiful music.

The ocean of song flooding these hallowed noons when "yn ngwyneb haul llygad goleuni," the glorious bardic gorsedd, filled the autumn air, shall roar harmoniously above the swimming melodies of all other nations.

The eisteddfod created a profound impression and



multitudes of Americans who had never felt urged to visit either music or festival halls went to hear the contests, applauded and vociferously approved of the Welsh, their bonnie gray-eyed girls and clever boys. New South Wales since the very first of the Fair has astonished the world by its wonderful evidence of great natural resources, and now the old mother country, with her aggressive alphabet whetted for the occasion, her anti-conversational triads and her vocal chords tuned to pleasantness, will in memories of the Fair shine out peerlessly from oak-leaf wreaths like a forgotten priestess of neglected antiquity and present worth.

\* \* \*

Far enough from the friction of event to warrant inevitable seclusion, bankruptcy and oat-meal diet, sits a gaunt and saffron mansion with the doleful legend "Reporter's home" peering out from beneath its curling shingles. This journalistic refuge is hedged in by horticultural signals of retribution and oleanders; mock-orange and weeping willow switch the vacant atmosphere about it. Transient brain alone is expected to be hypnotized into risking the hospitality of "Reporter's home;" the urbane but wary homespun scrivener is received with cold and glassy advance reminders not calculated to inspire rivulets of soul and other reportorial ecstasies. That there is a haven for homeless intellect is consoling, and in the stilly night when some eminent thought-vat from the provinces wonders how he can slate Maj. Handy for denials of free admission to everything purchasable, or which might be the best-advised plan for Mr. Higinbotham's precurred downfall in the pie belt limited, inspiration will seethe in the neighborhood of the erring reporter's domicile. Sleep-



less engines and alarms, lone frogs and crickets and the faint-toned chicken which must boil to-morrow, the skimmed-milk voice of the early man and the hop-primed throat of the late all tend to render poetry without a license permissible within the cleanly walls of the Reporter's home.

Not a mile beyond is another habitation about as big as a bale of cotton. It is pine of disturbingly various sorts, silently witnessing raids upon numerous and unacquainted wood-piles. There is a rusty stovepipe leaping jocosely out of the boarded roof and under the sawed-out window in black paint is inscribed: "Happy Home."

It is just as sure to be happy as it is crowded, too. There is no need to see the jubilant residents at this abode. Songs in gentle minors filter through the dusk, "Mary Run Away Wiv' a Coon," "In de Moonlight," "Good-Night, Lady," and "Ebry Day'll Be Sunday Biam Bye" tell what good, faithful complexion the dwellers in the cabin boast and how many live contentedly within its rickety confines. They see the fire-works, revel in the dazzling search-light's glow and are everywhere that a laugh or scrap of music can be heard gratis. They are not at the Fair often but are of it and with it in everything from selling savory roasted ears of corn to listening when the band plays and the wind blows right.

In a lonesome vale of swamp-grass hangs an uneasy sign which begins with gay figuration to announce "Mexican Restaurant," in far-reaching letters of azure upon a white ground. Beneath this unfamiliar encounter there has appeared another word which unfolds a volume. In red chalk is penciled with des-



perate distinctness: "Bargains." Visions of chicken tomalies marked down from ten to five, eggs at reduced rates, and biscuits by the pound at wholesale prices, Chile cancani and tobasco at bed-rock, and a positive slaughter in batter-cakes and frijoli. Bargains at a Mexican restaurant turn up a vista for contemplation not to be sneezed at, and the gallant vaqueros who cater to imaginary hosts rushing to the prairies for feed are to be commended for originality if not acumen.

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One of the pretty features of the great land parade Saturday was a tiny gilded carriage containing a baby that looked as if it had just stepped out of a story. In fact, there were two of these charming equipages, each carrying a lovely babe. Not a ship in the transportation nautical exhibit could have taken more rakish and taut airs upon its dancing sails than these delightful babies did. They either crowed and kicked and pulled joyously at the laces and ribbons decorating their palanquins or sat in wide-eyed dignity staring solemnly at the cheering crowds. No matter how tamely unresponsive the long line of carriages and great wagons kept the people, as soon as these two beautiful infants rolled into sight the sight-seers broke into a unanimous expression of delight.

The babies wore embroideries that fairly shone with costliness. They were decked in lace and ribbons and rode in perambulators of such exquisite design and decoration that even the little guests riding in them occasionally leaned over in agitating angles to inspect the grandeur of their conveyances. At a halt in the parade a brawny German guard had to step out of line to keep the ladies, girls and even men from



breaking through ropes to gain a nearer view of the pretty babies. One of the children took offense at this military interference and set up a curding howl, in which the other one joined without ever looking back to see what it was about. At another stop in the procession an old lady threw a kiss at the blonde baby in front. He gazed at her while she repeated the performance with friendly ducks of her quaint old head, and finally, as if the best thing under the circumstances had been reached by deep thought, the baby put the palm of its dimpled hand to its lips and threw the old lady a kiss and another and as many as the halt would allow; then as the crowd yelled itself hoarse the delighted little thing kept on kissing its hand and whole rows of kisses came back from the crowd, the guards, police and soldiers. The baby in the carriage following caught the spirit and a perfect riot of exchanged amiabilities stirred the multitude and the procession.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

Yesterday kilted skirts, wailing Scotch pipes, flings, cockades and heather sprays turned Jackson park into a plaid and frolicsome semblance of its Venetian wont. Stalwart Scots, braw and interested, strolled through the plaisance, wide-eyed and bare-kneed; the melodious roll of Highlanders and the "wot's-o'er-th'-steerkimmer" unanimity of surprised satisfaction gave a new and refreshing color to the tobasco orientalism and polyglot chatter of the Midway.

The McGregor, Stuart, Campbell and Macbeth plaids flapped in congenial familiarity everywhere and rival bleats from the pipes of opposing clans clashed amiably from the reed throats of an army of blowers, which started the cars of the ice railway on the downward path, whirled the turnstiles and stirred the curtained sanctums of the administration. All day long these enjoyable guests were rollicking about in contented dozens, enthusiastically greeting friends and roaring out jovial choruses of celebration rather than wasting such happy, expensive times in studying improvident exhibits. At night they scarcely seemed tired enough to bring the joyous picnic to a close. Not a feather drooped nor a stocking shrunk, every man walked out or was carried with his beloved regalia in ship-shape and as "Auld Lang Syne," "Scots Wha Hae" or "Roy's Wife" mingled breezily with good-nights each wearer of the sash and skirts most unco' snod and bonnie wended his way with "wavin' crest and kilted plaidie" under the glorious consciousness that "sic a laddie ne'er was seen."







momie crinkles, wear one selfish little skirt finished with billows of lace that would break into applique frowns at the sacrilege of starch in its least infringing distortion.

The antique and strangling Piccadilly no longer decks the emancipated neck of this year's dude. Instead of squandering a cigarette allowance in laundry excesses he swathes himself in soothing pongee and China silk shirts, with becoming shirred fronts and Byron collars; then he flirts at half-mast a filmy grenade sailor knot and defies the weather here at the Fair or in the less enchanting summer world. In case he is short on ice cream currency he can do his own washing and laugh at mangle-slaves. Over in the agricultural building columns of the powdery white necessity of a century past looms up in glutinous refrigeration. Starch is losing its heroic grip upon nations and not even chromatic repetitions of the gems of Mouvel and Ihlfeld in vigorous disfigurement can tempt the wary housewife to go broke on three packages and a prize for a quarter. It is much more charming to view chaste and unwatered stacks of starch in proud superiority on exhibition than it is to gaze at ebullient boilers of it in irritating hints of the savagery with which it might plaster into glossy flares garments helpless and most offended by it.

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The Maharajah Rajaihan, etc., ad lib., of Kapurthala and I met last night in a Midway embarrassment of crushing sequences but parted in a shower of apologetic adjectives.

Reeling along in a chair, both the student pusher and my comfortable self were in a sort of comatose



state of normal stupidity, gazing at a hypnotizing string of lights outlining the colossal Ferris wheel, when a sudden and unpardonable twist on the part of my perambulator hustled me into a confusing scramble with the occupant of another wheeler containing an



awed and oratorically apologetic personage arrayed in a pair of striped trousers, the plaid of which impressed me as the most stormy altercation of refractory shades ever displayed out of the Indian palace. A yellow



Marseilles vest and palliating necktie, a glimpse of striped hose and a bracelet hinted the forgiving excuse for this rash toilet confirmed by a gray bournous turban wound around in light wreaths of silk. On either side of this picturesque foreigner walked swarthy gentlemen dressed in Prince Albert coats and unmistakably heliotrope pants, with finely poised heads surmounted by canary-colored turbans, dazzling as noonday. The dignity of the gentleman whom I had tried to throw over was made known to me and I shook hands in the truly democratic plaisance fashion which all the papalangi of that exciting mart seem to require. A crowd of East Indians and the motley gathering of the street hemmed us in and much impromptu adulation, curiosity and wrangling for a sight of the small titled prince blocked the way for a second. He is an exceedingly handsome man, even in the trying position of nearly upsetting from an uncomplimentary chair on wheels. His face is beautifully cast in the high classic mold of Indian mysticism, his teeth white and glistening; a beard, close-trimmed and silky, adds style rather modern to his eastern features. He was all smiles and alight with silent inquiry, delight and friendly pleasure in his simple entertainment. He looks a tower of physical strength, is clear-eyed and broad-chested as an athlete and laughs like a cowboy.

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A pair of crooning doves have taken refuge in the group of wrangling nudity which shadows my office window. They are not typical lovers, by any means, and the *maison de colombe* is a domestic study most of the time.





The bride is the regulation "dove with the white, white wings," and she "mourns and mourns and mourns and mourns" till the hen-pecked groom betakes himself to the White Horse Inn and worse with fluttering persistency. He is a game old pigeon with one eye out of balance and usually has his ducking head featherless on one side, from the reminders of his connubial delinquencies. He comes home when he hears the click of the telegrapher's key and the silver peal of the modulated type-writer line bell. This refractory dove is deeply imbued with the possibilities of the type-writer and prances restlessly about while the machine is under amateur mutilation.

His white-necked partner for the season (or life) rebukes him gently for this undovelike proceeding, then grows fractious, snaps at his wing quills, pecks at his spinal column and finally jumps at his unhappy head and flays him till he relents in sullen coos.

A youth, whose beauty is appeased by various articles of weird apparel, arrived at the office yesterday arrayed in a shirt of Dwight exhibit decoration and



startling contour. His mama had purchased the garment and told him it was blue. He was not in a condition to inquire whether or not the things visible to him were really chasing up and down the front and squirming in cerulean angles at the cuffs, so he put off any disagreeable revelations till some of the boys might relieve his mind. Nobody arrived until late, but that abnormal pigeon came waddling up to the window and fixed a cross-eyed glare of disapproval upon the shirt-front and its adjacent facades. No manner of interrogation or threat seemed to fade the gentle dove and when the ink bottle and paste brush flew through the air at him he did a "quoth-the-raven-nevermore" glide to an equally convenient coin d'avantage and still blinked in uncanny studiousness at the offending garment. Somebody came in, broke the ghastly spell and the reporter plucked up courage to ask how the "blue shirt would do?" The caller, abashed somewhat, said briefly "Good," and the situation was once more given over to the bald-headed dove. From out her cozy dormitory in the Psyche knot of Venus' head began the coaxing gurgle of the feminine member of the dove household and failing in removal of the impudent male the owner of the suspected shirt began pleading with the neglected wife to come "do up" her aggravating half. She did. Sugar crisp and crumbly caught her and she began the hourly campaign upon her lord and recreant nest assignment. She seized him under the left wing and threw him with confident audacity which had something strangely wifely and domestic in its placid assurance. He timidly objected in a minor and she opened a battery of veiled snips at his down mindless-



crown which chased him to the ribald crew of gulls wasting time and feathers upon the enticing lagoon. Up to late last evening the abused pigeon had not returned and the fair, fond dove's sobs echo through the zephyrs in pitiful regret or promise of more if ever he does come home single or divorced. They were a unique and interesting couple and if fate has thrust them asunder the ornithologists can lament a new departure in bird lore, while poets may look elsewhere for undying affection symbols and the two-hearts-that-beat-as-one indication of dove-like adoration.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

Orl.—There is no clock in the forest.

Ros.—Then there is no true lover in the forest; else with sighing every minute, groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.—*“As You Like It.”*

The most interesting lover Chicago has had since the big wind failed to appear at the appointed time in Sylvan dell. He was down for a dreamy roundelay anent Shakespeare and the poets. The anxious audience shivered expectantly under the greenwood trees until nearly 9 o'clock. Then Shakespeare stalked upon the leaf-shadowed stage and in charming measures introduced himself and “*As You Like It*,” but the Hon. Carter did not add his portentous oratory to the occasion; whereupon the band played several improvisations expressive of deep contrition and the audience grieved apace.

Other fluctuous actors fled from the Arcadian symphony with vehement alacrity and at one hour fraught with doubt it looked as though the celebration of Poets' day might be rococo rather than al fresco. But, through the whirl of disappointment, in swept Otis Skinner to lift Shakespeare out of embarrassment and the World's Fair into golden light.

There is no such an Orlando in America, nor has there been for years so poetic a figure in dramatic art as Otis Skinner. He is young, strong and handsome as romance can make a youth. He is bubbling over with rare spirit and delicious humor. His pathos is so delicate and his grace so winning that all a poet lends to picturing is accentuated by beautiful interpretation when Otis Skinner is intrusted with the task. The



honors were indisputably quite his own last night, though the cast was headed by Rose Coghlan, who is immensely popular in the exquisite heroine.

Miss Coghlan floods pretty Rosalind with a luxurious excess of comedy which completely blinds a listener to the sweeter tones of womanliness in Shakespeare's dainty creation. She is a mischievous, eager sorceress in Miss Coghlan's reading; something of a hoyden and a strapping, noisy flirt. She faints, chaffs and rails all in the same disposition and while her performance is eminently intelligent and daring it is not Shakespeare's Rosalind by a mournful league. A fine healthy, large-faced woman with a voice like a steam caliope and swagger of a guardsman is not personally fitted to express the most virginal gem of coquetry ever fashioned out of thought. She is not the Rosalind "just as high as my heart" nor the tantalizing nymph of versatile temper who,

"By heavenly synod was devised  
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,  
To have the touches dearest priz'd."

Miss Adelaide Prince is tall, stately and pleasant-featured. Her voice is agreeable and her hair worth better dressing than she bestows upon it in a vain endeavor to be esthetic and eccentric. Celia is colorless enough in the hands of a clever actress and as Miss Prince offered her she was dull as Lent well kept.

Miss Laura Burt was a preposterous Audrey. All that was recognizable in this honest wench of bucolic gaucherie was the equine laugh of historic legacy and the inevitable turnip. Miss Burt wore black silk hose and a cloud of lace-decked underwear, straws stuck



out of her hat and shoes in carefully arranged bouquets and over a ragged fragment of wardrobe she wore a silky tuck-up and bodice. Little Miss Nelson came nearer Phoebe. Her voice was timid and treacherous but her peasant frock was neat and characteristic and her face very pretty. Addie Cora Reed sung charmingly. I do not think the "Come Hither, Come Hither" song could ever have been sung with more melodious sympathy. The trees rustled a sighing accompaniment and the temptation to take Shakespeare's advice, so harmoniously intoned by Miss Reed, seized everybody. The prima donna looked exceedingly well in a suit of silvered green and tan and the few lines falling to Amiens were very nicely rendered. "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind" received almost as much applause as the greenwood song, but it is not nearly such a piece of difficult, lovely music as the last solo.

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For those who were promised in the cast but not visible surprisingly satisfactory, substitutes had been secured. Seabrooke, Powers, Charles Coghlan and Salvini were the principal absentees, demanding a change in the bill. E. J. Henley gave a scholarly performance of Jacques. He was at all times picturesque, elegant and forceful. Henley is one of the strongest and most artistic character actors we have, and the management of the Fair entertainment is to be congratulated upon retaining him in the cast at any sacrifice. Next to Otis Skinner, Henley's reading of the splendid lines was the rival feature of the play. John T. Sullivan appeared with more than the usual success which attends the ungrateful part of Oliver. Mr. Edmund Lyons, called upon to do Touchstone at a day's



notice, escaped swamping that brilliant fool but in no wise compassed his qualities. Instead of Sandow, Mr Fenton permitted Orlando to toss him about amiably and floor him in plenty of stalwart throws and locks best suited to poses exhibiting the faultless back of Otis Skinner. The balance of the cast was indifferent, as casts of "As You Like It" invariably are. It is the most subtle poem in all of Shakespeare's comedies and is more difficult to cast in even excellence than any play ever written.

\* \* \*

A tasteful little prologue by Elwyn A. Barron was read by Mr. Lee. It touched upon the Fair, the auspicious day, literature and the art and the mission of actors. The prologue was beautifully worded and earnestly read. The Sylvan dell itself was a fairyland beyond all painting. Frank Millet superintended the decoration and Egbert Handy, an energetic son of the major, accomplished wonders in the various directions of business management. The forest-covered auditorium was crowded at 8 o'clock and college guides, transformed into ushers, seated the multitude with great dispatch and courtesy. Once in awhile the lanterns would splutter and drop tallowed sparks of fire down into the unprepared lace hats and laps of scarey ladies and occasionally a smothered tumult of conversation crept out upon the starlit atmosphere from behind the scene, but nothing worse than a stage wait or a stumble in the matchless lines marred an otherwise delightful evening. The poetry of "As You Like It" is so polychromatic and the atmosphere so sentimental that all environments and times seem to be signaled in its verses. Once I heard the piece



played in a cold shower-bath of spring rain and Touchstone, clad in galoshes and mackintosh, read the speech: "Now am I in Arden; the more fool I. When I was at home I was in a better place," and it sounded like an impromptu. Last night as Orlando hung the ode to Rosalind on a whispering hemlock tree and said, beseechingly:

"Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;  
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey  
With thy chaste eye from thy pale sphere above  
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway,"

out shone the moon upon his scroll of tenderness like an invited smile of frosted splendor. In another place the muffled bells of the German clock tolled out an hour just as Orlando spoke the lines:

"If ever you have look'd on better days,  
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church."

Some of the scenes met the questions of the unemployed within our gates. Jacques' communistic satire on the weeping deer seemed culled from a rugged labor speech wafted from the lake front, and if luckless men could be as wholesome in content as the simple Corin there would be no riots. I never noticed it until last night, but this is Shakespeare's pacific idea of estate:

\* \* \*

"Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm."

Iowa without a choice spell of weather to talk about would be speechless, and conversation rampant is one of the certain crops in the Hawkeye state.

No place on the globe is the sky so clear and clouds so fleecy as in Iowa when the wind is piping free and there is no other place so coquettish about frowning.



into a blizzard without advance notice to "slam the doors to" and "shet th' winders." Seems to me there is more firmament to blacken up in a hurry out there than in any clime under the sun and storms rush at the compact little towns and fields of grain as if possessed by the demon of destruction. But there is a good deal of bluff in the wind and the rain finds gulches and ravines enough to occupy the best part of its force so the violence of most storms is wasted.

I have been perched in a cherry tree or hickory, with a broiling noon sun freckling my infant visage, and without a note of warning the sky would turn dark-yellow, spit-fire flashes of noiseless lightning would run zigzag across the heavens and before I could climb down and "skedaddle" for shelter the wind and rain would capture me and my small wardrobe for keeps. In ten minutes it would all be over; the flat ground would be ankle-deep in mud; long, pink angle-worms wriggling out of the sun's glare and the flowers, grass and trees jeweled with steaming rain-drops. The climate is as fascinating as the women's tempers and they are proverbially distracting to a degree.

Iowa is here for a fortnight at least and during that period, if the weather is homelike, we are bound to have a variegated but delightful time.

If the fireworks are claimed by dampness Gov. Boies' eloquence is pyrotechnic and water-proof and there will be no dust, no inconvenient heat, some invigorating "cold snaps" and plenty of shifting breezes, warranted not to come when expected nor stay long. Iowa men are easily selected out of the throngs at Jackson park. They are well dressed, wear no jewelry and spend money like princes. The women are inde-



fatigable, pretty and nearly all outlined on a generous plan of physique, with brown hair and blue eyes. Blonde women are rare as a quiet March in Iowa. Brunettes are regarded with suspicion and romance, but the clear-skinned, brown-haired, dimpled siren of the prairie is at home in Iowa and Iowa celebrations. Once in awhile a good old-time red-headed girl, with brown eyes and square shoulders, rises above the majority, shows her white teeth and protesting eyebrows, but nearly all the Iowa women are of that demure, happy medium complexion which the French call *chatain*.

\* \* \*

Little fur tippets, curling feather collars and soft scarfs around the milky throats of girls herald the stealing hours of autumn. Brisk evening winds and blazing sunsets, groaning wagons laden with new hay, and grapes and yellow trees, night's bold advance upon the early evening shadows and the saddening lullaby of falling leaves, all chant the minor threnody of blighting time and unfurl mourning to slip along the line of sunny, streaming flags and shining stars. This year, within its frosty summons, October brings such jarring farewell chords that its brown and crisp old parchments are weighted with regrets.

"When I do count the clock that tells the time  
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night,  
When I behold the violet passing prime  
And sable curls all covered with white;  
When lofty trees I see bereft of leaves,  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves  
Born on the bier with white and bristly beard;  
Then of thy beauty I do question make  
That thou among the wastes of time must go.  
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake  
And die as fast as they see others grow."



As purple vintage stacks up her queenly wealth beside pale, dying flowers and faded stalks, grave waking to thought of certain perishments brings gray reminders of the approaching good-bye to a brave gathering of nations, rare picture gardens, art palaces and treasures of the world that have made the half-year glorious.

The Fair will be over in a month or so, no matter how sincere the promises of continuance. Interests, priceless loans and sensational features will have been spirited away and the season's climax reached when the anniversary of the discovery of America has been honored. The days are growing shorter, the dawns shy and tardy; there is less time to see the thousand enviable sights and mightier crushes of people all in the same mood of ardor. Season photographic passes are growing thin and ragged, the pallid coupons left speak of a world of entertainment finished and sink complaints, aggravations and importunities in a gratitude for general enjoyment. The Fair has been a gigantic success. There has been no annihilating exertion to make it such an affair of history, but the confederacy of peoples, the amalgamation of genius, spirit, invention and money and an unbounded confidence in the resources of the land Columbus found have made the World's Columbian Exposition the memorable achievement of this speedy century.

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So many years ago that the date is indistinct to me Dr. A. W. Harlan returned to Chicago after an extended tour through Europe and the eastern provinces. He was alive with that vehement enthusiasm which consumes a traveler fresh from foreign climes. He was



young, ambitious, had traveled well and studiously, and the peroration of his every discourse upon the wonders of strange lands was a plaint that these countries knew so little of the magnificence of America. Every year the doctor repeated his trip abroad and every year returned with a conviction that the time for some convention of far and near races was close at hand—an impression which grew into pertinent evidence when he addressed a letter to the *Chicago Times* suggesting the feasibility of a World's Fair. His letter brought out others of a similar bearing and proved to be perhaps the main-spring of the wonderful undertaking.

The introduction of our energetic selves to alien nations, classic with cultured antiquity or savage with untried fields and untamed tempers, must tell upon the future of ethnological research and amelioration. The coalition of ventures and methods, intimate comparison of customs, idiosyncrasies, literature, art, science and the manufactured productions of all countries infect each nation with the other's best availables and light up every avenue of doubt and helpless inertia. In natural advantages no land can repeal America's claim to conquering superiority; but how far we are behind an age of mellow elegance is emphasized in the marvels beyond Germany's bronze and awesome gates, within the confines of the velvet-curtained exhibit of France, Belgium's portals and the guarded shelves of India England within herself, that is, the small and foggy peninsula that is so minute and honored a part of herself, does not seem to be in the van by such threatening strength; but one of the observable realizations of the Exposition is that the British flag flies over more extra-



ordinary exhibits, more vigorous pretensions to perfection, more advanced works and natural productions of mines, land and air than does any other color waving candidly with our own.

There is India, with priceless weavings and embroideries, jewels unrivaled and carpets like the breasts of frightened birds. There is New South Wales, with a mint of surprises competing for ribbons and outclassing challenged hosts. There is Ceylon, with broad-backed tribes and rude power of lesser islands. Scotland, old Wales and rich, submissive lands all valiantly lifting their questionable and alarming hats to the sovereignty of Victoria. Canada sent such horses and bulky, plush-coated bulls as the farmers of the states never saw before, and monster fishes and fine fruit and grain, furs that cost a fortune to prepare, and ships, quaint sleds and primitive means of transportation, to say nothing of a serried and uncontrollable catalogue of dialects the like of which can not be duplicated in any united six exhibits at the Fair. Besides these imported evidences of the vastness of her possessions and the might of her men to her further credit it has by common vote been acceded that the finest policeman, the handsomest soldier, the best dancer and the cleverest newspaper reporter on the Fair grounds are Irishmen. So there you are, Vic rex; help yourself to the ribbons.

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Yesterday the cool eastern breeze chasing inertly across the peristyle caught a granger youth and his inamorata stumbling along the court-of-honor oblivious of the multitude and puzzled by the sculpture. He was barefoot and carried on his arm a pair of very new and aggressive raw-hide boots tied together at the leg-



straps by a pair of equally belligerent homespun hose. The general unfriendly disposition of the farmer's foot-gear ought to have been patent to the most prejudiced city observer, as nothing but suicidal bondage to "togs" could have persuaded a human being to put on the boots or look at the socks.

The owner of these remarkable appurtenances had taffy-colored hair, very bushy and cut in octagonal sluices. His trousers were vivid butternut of an architecture pliocene and diagonal. There was a plethora of buttons and pockets and things about the coat eminently convenient but disturbing, and the hat—that seemed to be part of the wardrobe in price, though severed in the general intention to inflict—was huge, floppy and set very far back upon the cheering granger's head. The damsel hanging on his arm (which had no boots hung on it) kept her shoes on and looked unspeakably sorry for herself. She chewed incessantly upon something fractious which made her frown and work her large and worried face considerably to the left. Her hair was combed straight back and bundled into a most ungracious beaded net at the base of her neck and a hat of scarlet and sultry import decked the side or top or back of her slippery caput in accordance with the inclination of the wind. There was a cut to the skirt of her indigo blue dress which succeeded in gouging a yard out of the front breadths, where it was needed, and depositing the same at the back, where it was not required in the interests of contour or covering. As they plodded around the divinely chiseled circle choice stares of unaccustomed eyes and smothered laughs less courteous than intelligent reached their expansive and delighted ears but fell



mutely among the harmony from the brass-band stands and fountains. His dangling boots jostled the elbows of any wrapt pedestrian not on the alarmed alert, beat a tattoo upon his own ribs and incidentally held at bay a gaping stream of inquisitive visitors not so blinded by sound and sights as he. As the unusual pair toiled serenely upon the arched bridge behind Republic they halted and took in the view, still dumb but evidently full of things to say. A breaking-up of wrinkles on the hard face of the farmer and a crude tallow-dip reflection on the woman's young though seared visage roused the hope of a lapse into remark. Sure enough, that's what it meant. He edged a little nearer his broad-guage girl and said beamingly: "Say, Lindy; wisht ut we cud git our picturs tuk standin' hyur."





Children behave beautifully out here at the Fair. Except that they immediately resolve into one irrepressible and unanswerable interrogation point and vary the questioning by threats of an option in soda water or instant dissolution nothing could be more docile than the wonder-shining infant.

The usual faculty of straying from protective guardians does not seem to have developed. Very few children are lost and are not panic-stricken when they do wander from the "watch lo! watch" escorts responsible for them.

The creche is one of the most tremendous attractions to people from the country, where children take care of themselves and ask odds of nobody much. The unique sight of a motley collection of babies, varying in size, disposition and obstreperousness, all tabbed, ticketed and temporarily imprisoned, is a strange one for all kinds and conditions of men. The babes themselves are not particularly complimented by the amused crowds staring in at the windows and surging through the halls of their pretty little domain.



They scowl vigorously, tuck their curly heads under the dotted Swiss curtains, hide behind doors and howl in rigid and surprising tangents of rage when their seclusion is invaded by delighted lovers of budding humanity. One sturdy boy of three left indefinitely with a heap of toys and books to assist his faithful memory in overlooking parental absence, climbed up to the sill of his window, clung there in spite of gentle admonition and began a thrilling and succinct campanola of yells. I leaned over the rail and asked him what might be the fearful matter with such a tragic little boy. There was not a tear in his eyes; he had the blankest sort of wax-doll serenity of countenance and was kicking his tiny blue kid shoes against the wall in audible content. The shrieks coming from his rosebud lips were in unison with echoed dozens quite as tearless and aimless. Another little boy with wondrous oriental eyes and long black hair was in a state of rebellion because the nurse wanted to pin his heavy curls on the top of his head in a girlish Psyche knot. He was not four years old but was wrought up to such a pitch of outraged sex by this effeminate suggestion that nothing but taffy in the concrete could be ventured as apology. A delicate little girl about as big as a sprig of gladiolus was moaning in an emotional way intoning suicidal despair.

I said: "What is it you want, dear?" Her blonde head began to toss gravely and she wailed: "Oh, I want, I want, I don't want; oh, dear; oh, dear—Y-a-ah!"

"How would popcorn do?" I ventured.

"'Ess, dat's it," she answered, so quick that her throat choked up.

They are charming little studies, these sagacious



atomies, and whether cool and howling in blissful sympathy, singing, romping or devastating creche lunches they are lovable and interesting. Dragging around the grounds they are not likely to be so inspiring and are considerably less cleanly and adorable, but they do marvelously well anywhere in Jackson park. Older children cover the encyclopedia with contumely in the store of information gleaned in a day. A boy will go through machinery hall like a wide-eyed rocket and know more about it than his mother would in a week. He could fire the Krupp gun without a qualm and start the electric fountains, knows how the search-lights work and who rings the noonday chimes. He eats and eats and eats and knows where to find the biggest sandwich for the smallest sum of money, and the provincial young idea shoots Parthian arrows of distressing frankness into the barrier of company manners affected by his admiring but distrustful family.

"How long kin yer eat hyur fur a dollar?" loudly inquired a yawning boy at the service of an *entree* in the *table d'hote* dinner. "'Cause I want ter know; pop'll chaw hyur all day ef it don't cost no more an not ter."

Another boy, cross and afflicted with the terrifying honesty of nine-year-old conviction crushed his temporarily polished papa and aspiring maw by noisily refusing to eat "tomato pouree" when it was "nothin' but tomato soup."

"What's the diferns of tomahto and temato, I'd like to know. Do ye say potahto, too, when ye come up to the city? You make me tired, all of ye."

Promises of home *seances* have very little effect upon the privileged youth at the Fair. He is aware



of distances, mollifying hours and time to square himself before a crisis and he revels in liberties and delightful impertinences.

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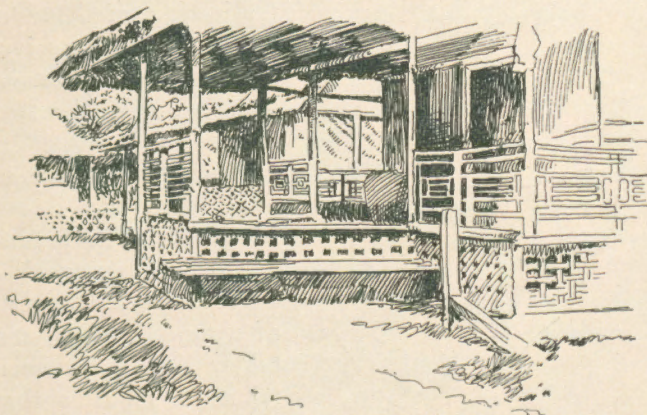
In the palace of mechanic arts there is a gigantic exhaust, too tremendous to call a whistle and not quite definable by any other name. It roars like a distant and suffering herd of buffalo. It shakes the windows, shivers the silent bells, stirs the sleeping flowers and startles the lagoon into waves of expectant horror. It is used to signal fire and a more ghostly alarm could never be devised. Since official suppression of the mournful groans of the O. B. Green nothing has ever throbbled through the dense atmosphere of Chicago with such nerve-destructive potency as does this monster bellow of steam.

The city's interference robbed the thickened Chicago waters of one frightful tug cadenza almost equal to the conflagration signal at the Fair. The O. B. Green had a condensed blizzard of melancholy hidden in its whistle throat and at awful stated intervals its jaws opened and the clocks stopped for a circuit of misery-hunted miles. Dawn in Chicago was worse than a chorus of sunsets in New York and the shades of twilight came filtered through a storm of minor shrieks and growls that tore evening to tattered shreds of tempestuous fear. An uprising of suffering citizens squelched the painful scare-whistle of the O. B. The boat was ordered to talk like other river blowers and calm joy settled over the murky pool that never flows.

The galvanic rush of sadness that breaks the Exposition air into fragments of calamitous import is called the "mocking bird whistle." Nothing more absurd



and inadequate could have been manufactured out of English. The frightened rush of an army of lions lashed into agony by a thousand harp strings would be a timid approach to the sounds issuing from the "mocking bird" whistle. When its ghostly crescendos pulse over the lake gulls take flight in terror and the sails of all the boats tremble. It means fire somewhere at the Fair and the horses in the black-draped engine house wheel into harness at the alarm's burst of con-



flicting sounds. It is awesome and appalling and the threnody of lost chords quivering in its blast lends something ghastly to the deafening thunder.

\* \* \*

Yesterday I "did the plaisance" under the salaaming and picturesque escort of Said Ibrihim. The Said is a stalwart Egyptian with great wild eyes and the most enchanting chivalry. He sweeps through the street of aliens like an embroidered deity, with a maccoon cloak and striped satin alb flying in Arabi-



splendor about his brawny young shoulders and a glitter of keen enjoyment in his fine eyes.

He has such swift perception, abundant humor and inexhaustible spirits that it is like seeing the Midway through bewitched lenses to whip into his gait and be raced about airily into otherwise impenetrable quarters.



There is the government house in his transplanted Cairo—a very realization of Aladdin fantasy. Priceless ivories, golden textiles and spun webs of jeweled filigree everywhere. Curtains so delicate and filmy that the heavy fringes drag in luxurious heaviness; couches that sink like the breasts of wounded birds, and tables inlaid in such fabulous mosaics that dust seems profanation. Vases and idols, famous chibouks and yataghans, quaint shields and

fairy carvings decorate the tapestried walls and absolute abandon to comfort is suggested in everything. Two lovely veiled girls do nothing but laugh little rippling expressions of hospitality while they roll cigarettes and their blazing eyes in unison. Then from draped nowhere glides a swarthy Arab laden with toothsome dainties and a wine soft as the houri's busy eyes.



A compromise between cake and candied point lace lies temptingly on a plate of exquisitely painted porcelain and the fragile glasses bubbling with the oriental liquid look as if they must surely fade into moonbeams when the wine is gone. After a taste of spiced fruits and delicious preserves the Said proposed a sleigh-ride, and as the thermometer had vaulted into torrid escapades during the day the apparently impossible venture took investitures of special novelty for all of us.

Ibrihim led the way through a saluting regiment of dusky girls and handsome boys, who looked mischievously after us and called out a mellow "Saidah" as we left the shadow of the minaret. The ice railway is one of the treats vehemently enjoyed by the Cairo people. One saucy girl in black, with a creamy blouse open at the neck, sat in a seat ahead of me, bit her teeth into a much less white snow-ball thrown to her and laughed until she nearly fell out of the car when we reached the thirty-mile-a-minute curve of the toboggan. Said Ibrihim was exuberant, noisy and alive with real delight. He insisted upon ringing the sleigh-bells with a boyish ferocity; every turn and acceleration of speed was greeted by him with savage shouts of pleasure, and the din raised by the Egyptian was echoed from the folds of Nubian hoods in the last seat, the excited dancing-girl in the front, a dozen women and children, and I am not quite sure but that my own voice was carving the refrigerated atmosphere above them all. From ice to the clouds in the mammoth wheel and then to an African wedding was not much of an evening's variety for the Egyptian Said, but the balance of us imagined we had been chased over a quartet of continents and introduced to every-



thing from a moujik to a Samoan in about thirty minutes. Seeing the Midway at the Nancy Hanks gait of a witty and effervescent son of Mahatmah Moya is as memorable as a drop into the lagoon or harmless tumble from the peristyle. There is nothing quite like it for exciting experience and reckless adventure at the pace of the gale.



AMY LESLIE AT THE FAIR.

It behooves the stalactite chronicler of ethnological processions to learn whereof he scribbles. When an unsophisticated savant in pavilion "C" yanks a dislocated turkey feather from the janitor's duster and begins to ink sundry copy-papers with scathing remarks and lukewarm wit based upon Posey county inhabitants—why, paw-paws ripen under the heat of dusky Indiana indignation, sassafras takes new roots and cat-fish refuse red-flannel luncheon.

Posey county is the Chautauqua of the prairie. It has produced more brains and hazel nuts to the acre than any two counties in the west. Just because it has a bucolic and Arcadian name is no sign it is wholly given over to a wanton cultivation of whiskers and Brussels carpet satchels. Learning deep and breathless soughs through the hemlock groves of Posey county, thought teems and ideas frolic, discoverers choose their own monuments immediately after discoveries and chemical analysis, cryptograms, poetry and buckwheat are the main-springs of Druidic emotion and hives in this home of erudition and history. No sir-ee, Posey is no slouch and not another county in the Hoosier state can point to so many men of might, bravery and distinction. Indiana day the people from Posey were very particular to identify themselves with that very county which strikes the unleavened intellect of mundane reporters as immensely humorous. The other counties were content to display the brilliant badge of the state, but Posey had its own exclusive



ribbon with "Posey County" in letters visible from the top car of the Ferris wheel. The papers imagined they were especially favored in having this princely aggregation of Reubens to urge to the front in cartoons and diatribes, but that was the time Posey swung to the sarcastic van of superiority. It very much had the expansive and Cheshire smile at the expense of Chicago insularity. They may not crease their trousers to a razor finish in Posey nor wear buzz-saw straw hats, but they read Josephus and the Commentaries, vote in a solid body, settle philosophical disputes, unravel scientific mysteries, pen epics, still play straights and bobtailed flushes and seldom lose at any game. The next time Indiana stumbles over the border into our town Posey had better be interviewed by some of the brief and abstract chroniclers who think hayseed decorates the mental zone of the average Poseyite.

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Already the silent harbingers of decay and forgetfulness sift ashes of regret over the white loveliness of Jackson park. Long crooked ruts and cracks run over the walls and under the roofs of the splendid buildings; great splashes of ruddy brown plaster from the cornices and house corners stare out of the staff like scars of half-healed wounds, and flaunting vanity of blood-red canna and fierce-spiked palm droops in humility and fades, curling the kingly leaves like bended knees and faintly protesting against the hoyden breezes of a western fall. The gaunt Spectatorium stretches out empty, sodden arms to the uncertain sky and shivers at its own ghostly pandemonium wrought by rushing winds and creaking rafters. Drips saddened rivulets from its wet and blackened ledges into the lake and shakes and



groans and sighs like a giant jail full of starving prisoners.

Beyond, tipped upon the bosom of the lake like a tired child, lies the trim little boat that used to be the stage for all the wonderful fireworks. The scuttled keel rises in slanting steadiness out of the blue water; it shines sleek and wave-cleansed when the western sun creeps to it through the Ionic columns and over the spires; it croons a dirge of discontent and caution when rain and blustering white-caps wrench the sunken masts and rock this sloping ruin of the rakish craft. One night fitful sparks of light from flickering shore illumination sharpen its doomed outlines into melancholy, another brightened evening lets the moon spread a wealth of silvery gauze across its curves like a fresh-hung bridal veil which adds despondent suggestion to the picture. Everywhere the beginning of the end is intoned and everywhere the grasping hope that it may last contradicts the necessary ultimate.

The audacious and decidedly intelligent intimation from Mr. Burnham that the probable clearing of Fair buildings will be by resolute and guarded fire almost awakens sleeping interest in the immediate future of Jackson park. Cremation is the kindest sacrilege of all; the magnificence of such a conflagration can scarcely be calculated, and Nero will be quite in the cool and eclipsed perspective in comparison to the ruler who can fiddle while the court-of-honor goes to blazes or when the plaisance is purged to righteousness.

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The most complete and exhaustive art catalogue ever printed in America has found its way into the anxious hands of visitors to the Fair. Its compila-



tion cost thousands of dollars and as an invaluable assistance to students, amateurs or even artists who know every picture by technique or individuality this volume is without a rival. It is not only a welcome addition to the directory of fine arts but is a colossal and worthy donation to the gathering mountains of World's Fair literature. The entire collection of pictures was re-numbered in red and the exact situation, class and location of each work of art is quite as easy to find by reference to the revised catalogue as though the whole list was arranged alphabetically. The volume is edited by the department of fine arts. The usual difficulty of dealing systematically and intelligently with composite genius was encountered at every turn. The publicity and promotion adjunct of management of course immediately proceeded to consult artists in every tongue. The services of representative directors of each country's contribution were requested and resulting came a pot-pourri of philology and chirography unchallenged by any other exhibit in language or literature. Japs sent in swirls of hieroglyphics supposed to elucidate the claims and titles of Japan's exceptional offering, the Chinese aided and abetted the dazed printer with perpendicular complaints and free-hand acknowledgments; Poles, Hollanders and Indians donated remarkable documents and the united tongues of Europe, Asia, Africa and America thrust a dozen different ways to look at the gallery as the only satisfactory arrangement. The moment one class was appeased another arose in injured loftiness and refused to countenance the suggestion. Every artist had a light of his own and a couple of thousand demands necessary to the life and sustenance of his own particularfad.



After everybody had been convinced that the best possible had been done for the public and the gifted picture-makers the catalogue appeared. It seemed indisputably flawless, but alas! the entire sensitive organization of etchers fell upon one small and affronting letter "c" which curled at the turn in a most reprehensible manner, so sanction for printing the catalogue was withheld until the alphabetical offense was reduced to elegance. But the catalogue is well worth wrangles with genius and feverish soulfulness, for it is the greatest bit of instructive accommodation which the managers of the Exposition have given the public. There are over 500 pages, containing lists, tables, classifications, gallery plans, descriptions, index and an enrollment of jurors, directors, judges, artists and awards.

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Apropos, whatever became of Winged Victory, whose graceful proportions struck out in unbuttoned relief against the azure, etc.? During the earlier days of incompleteness, high on the top of the art palace, crowning the Grecian-Ionic structure, was a reproduction of the famous Victory in staff. She was poised in angular insecurity and tied and roped and wired to keep her from tumbling into the placid lagoon. Her left foot stabbed the sky in the active imitation of a gaiety-girl kick, her arms grabbed air in desperate aimlessness and her magnificently triumphant head pose was trammelled by chains and cords and fastenings vainly attempting to hold her firm. She had a view no other lady, brass or staff or flesh, has been granted at the Fair. She could spot Milwaukee breweries from the far northwest, she watched the



pent-up bellows of stock-yards bulls, she kept time by the board-of-trade clock and tab on the Braidwood strikes. By some unkind twist of her pedestal on Chicago Derby day she beheld the Shaw favorite lope in under the wire ahead of all that was admirable, and forthwith cut loose from her wired moorings and fell in a fit on the roof. Victory lay there in the dampness for a day or so and was then spirited to some cellar,

where she never was cured of whatever ailed her. Her crooked and altogether unsatisfactory career at the Fair has been one of the unsolved enigmas, and even if she bet on the wrong horse the coinciding ventures of a floating populace ought to have strengthened her in a wavering hope to keep her feet.

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"God loves the Irish" is a phantom congratulation every son of Erin questions. There never was a time set apart for

an Irish jubilee that was not met at the dawn of day by a weather bureau in the dumps, the elements in turmoil and floods of rain, seas of mud and desolation epitomized in climatic dyspepsia. And they do so love a parade, a blast of trumpets and din of hurrah! An Irishman will march holes in the boots



of every member of his family at a celebration and never regret the lack of shoes all winter. He will sing, shout and prance until he is hoarse and lame; he will drink a barrel of impossible spirit and exuberate a vat. But its "down wid th' Connaught man" every time he wants to be noisy and enthusiastic. The rain pours incessantly and the bells are clogged; fog whistles take the place of brazen horns and joyous clarionets; slop, slush and aggravations crowd each other for advantage over the festive Hibernian and picturesque adjectives scintillate through the discourteous atmosphere all day when the Irish are out for show and jollification. Saturday, the 30th of September, will probably go splashing down through almanac records as the prize slump in the sun and moon market. The day couldn't have been worse if England had asked it. The genial sunburst wilted at the glance of it. Shamrocks do not mind the wet; they grow under that sort of affliction; but the green above the red weeps in unbecoming streaks of objectionable color and the brawn, the swagger and vitality of Irish enthusiasts droop into a disintegrated stew of groans and despair. It is an outrage, of course, but that's what they inherit. What promised to be the greatest day of the Fair season was inexcusably discourteous in the matter of furnished barometer and if the shaughran who engineered the bureau could be spotted his name might or might not be Dennis.

The greatest victory ever credited to Chicago was the magnificent celebration of her own day at the Fair.

Official accounting at no other exposition in history exhibits such colossal numbers, nor has the actual sum



of money received at the gates ever been approached by any other fair treasury.

The serene friendliness of nations toward America gave the occasion a peaceful tone that the Paris day actually could not command and the irrepressible local vanity of this glorious city lent to the most interesting events of the commemoration an enthusiasm that was exhilarating.

The very successful lottery method of securing assured financial solidity for the Paris exposition resulted in the resale of coupons at pittance rates. So that when Paris day arrived and the attendance ran up to the complimentary figures of over 300,000, hundreds of the admissions had been bought in for 10, 7, and even as low as 3 cents, which made the actual money expended for that special occasion a trifle compared to the Chicago-day offering.

And what a tremendous lot of glory Chicago will assume! New York will hesitate a long time before she voluntarily brings her eyes to the violent exercise of reading the head-lines in Chicago newspaper reports of the day, the pleasure, the triumph and the money. Philadelphia will be startled into exclamatory dissipation and Boston will wonder with the foreign world. But it is safe to say no other city in the world will outstrip Chicago's record for local unity of action and generous contribution. That is the spirit which has made a metropolis out of a fire-swept ruin, that has built a picture-town exquisite and as a memory everlasting, has shaken the centers of commerce, art and culture with resounding echoes of her achievements and ridden unbridled with thundering hoofs over envy, interference and prejudice. That a special celebration



engaging the loyalty and strength of this disposition to conquer should be a memorable overthrow of all precedent is not a surprise but a fulfillment.

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With the vagaries of the city barometer in vivid remembrance most of the crowd came prepared for rain, snow or any sort of weather shower from hail to frogs. The bright sun unfurled a waving ocean of umbrellas principally blue or black. Not a parasol or sunshade was to be seen in the masses of women. Once in awhile a little screen of ruffled silk held edgewise designated a lady who ventured out with both, or braved possibilities. The ladies were from Chicago: any of the feminine guests were distinguishable as if they had no right upon the captured grounds.

Hundreds of participants in the jubilee had never been to the Fair before and journeys of inspection were instituted and carried to satisfactory result in spite of the impassable paths, blockaded galleries and general congestion. The various firms and institutions of the city, affording employes the privilege of swelling the list of home worshipers, entered into competition for patriotic honors, like tilting knights. Tickets, conveyances and even lunches were gratuitously furnished the fortunate who were relieved from duty for Chicago day. Clubs and colleges made up interesting processions and noisy impromptus.

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The pretty and excited children who were marched from one end of the grounds to its extremest opposite waved flags, tramped, hurrahed and sung until the last point of advantage had been scanned. Then they suddenly began to appreciate the strain and drooped into



drab and tired platoons of wonders without much pleasure of anticipation shining in their eyes nor much ambition in their stumbling little feet. But they had a great day just the same and responded to the flutter of sympathetic enjoyment their charming procession created wherever it headed.

The poor little tads whose valiant mammas would be out on Chicago day despite the handicap of infantile progeny had a vacuous and wrangling day of it. They were bumped and upset, dragged through suffocating seas of knees and umbrella handles, scolded, petted, deceived and had their feelings bruised with promises unkept and appetites unappeased. They wept and crowded and fell asleep at the wrong time; they put their weary toes into lunch-baskets and lost hats, ribbons and tempers by the score. The day of rejoicing will have a significance original and indelible to the infant participant, apart from the intended parental intention and the country's hope. There was no fun yesterday for babies at Jackson park and they looked considerably as if they might live to vigorously say so some day.

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The Japanese in their miniature Hoo-den cottages on the island kept open house all day. Swarms of curious students and delighted guests squeezed through the bamboo portals, bowed in somewhat awesome abashment to the dapper gentlemen in charge and admired everything from the courteous stretch of canvas across the Japan bridge to the fairy cups of tea they brewed and served.

India, not to be outdone, arrayed itself in golden-threaded splendor and chanted apostrophes, China



burnt itself into the atmosphere in rainbow surprises and the haughty disrobed court of the cannibal islands was one vast oleaginous smile from sunrise until midnight. The blithesome gondolier plowed the willing water in ultramarine silence and much partially inaudible contumely of things American and tipless. The roller-chair question expanded to inauspicious consequence as the crowds grew and at one time it was worth more than 75 cents a day to go from Republic to Pele. The most imposing sight of the day was the imperious beer-wagon, with fiery steeds, cavorting about among thousands of people. It was greeted everywhere with a prolonged and thirsty "Ah-h-h!" that echoed down to Woodlawn station; processions stopped, addresses came to abrupt periods and Mr. Harrison was late ten minutes in the ceremony of ringing liberty bell because a beer wagon strode between the mayor and liberty, during which frothy intervention the brazen chalice of national congratulation was speechless and harangued from its scaffold by a fountain of inaudible eloquence.

The Columbian guard rampant is not much more animate than is the Columbian guard couchant, except that his eye is more unsteady and his belt a reef tighter. He is weary and wishes he could think oftener of home and mother without national regret being ceremoniously laid at unhappy feet. He never smiles, but upon days of turbulence he becomes a thing of changeless and depressing countenance. He is willing and submissive but he is like the damsel in the Manhattan ballad, who,

"Poor girl, didn't know, you know;  
She hadn't been in New York long."

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Pavilion "C" was the Mecca of lost chords and strayed intellects. At dawn the offices were invaded and requests for desirable positions to view the ceremonies and processions were calmly presented. The inflictions became threatening by noon and signs ominous and positive appeared upon the doors and walls. "Keep out" seemed definite—but proved ineffectual. "Don't wake the baby," attracted a grewsome line of anxious ladies and roused suspicion among the men. "Only friends of the family invited," had to be subscribed by the explanatory line of "Have no friends," before an exit from the office could be safely made.

One office boasting a special "drag" with the city hall enjoyed comparative seclusion under the protection of a large and cheerless prevarication announcing "Scarlet Fever Here." Finally a polite and emphatic orderly was secured who demanded stars and cards and other comforting reminders of authority before an entrance to the besieged pavilion could be achieved. The lot of the lowly and accommodating reporter is not a flowery eider-down pillow of luxury at best and when the flaccid and deluded populace casually drops in upon him to monopolize the office, the chairs and opportunities humbly enveloped in the transient halo of respect for rights, why, existence becomes as dull a waste of hours as could be expected.

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A certain something like endearment for this white dream-town is awakened by the angel hint of inevitable though ever so tender destruction. It arose in crests of alabaster as frosted window pictures do and is as surely wrought to die. When these marvels of art and architecture begin to crumble the hearts of nations will stand still. Now the city blooms apace like a great white rose perfuming the clouds and smiling out upon the waters, but it is to fade! It is to die and that is one of its most exquisite enchantments.

